



## HEADQUARTERS

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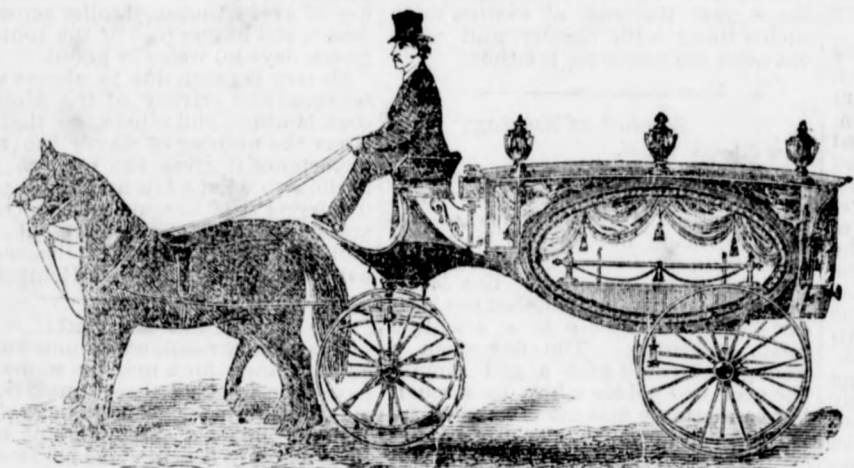
OPPOSITE NATIONAL BANK,

164

Agent for Butterick's Patterns.

MULHOLN, HANNA & BLACK'S  
MAMMOTH FURNITURE STORE.THE CELEBRATED  
HAMMOCK ROCKER.

We are also prepared to promptly attend to

UNDERTAKING  
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

It is our intention to keep on hands the most extensive assortment of goods in Putnam county, and we guarantee satisfaction in quality and prices. 15-11.

FOR SCHOOL BOOKS  
—OR—  
SCHOOL SUPPLIES  
OF ALL KINDS.

go yourselves and send your children to

J. K. LANGDON'S BOOK STORE,  
S. E. CORNER PUBLIC SQUARE.

T. G. BOWMAN.

JOHN BURLEY.

T. G. BOWMAN & CO'S  
CHEAP CASH STORE.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Staple and Fancy

GROCERIES.

Highest market price paid for produce in trade for cash.

T. G. BOWMAN &amp; Co.,

SOUTHARD'S BLOCK,

One door East of Langdon's book store, Washington st.

Children  
CRY  
FOR  
Pitcher's  
Castoria.Mothers like, and Physicians  
recommend it.

IT IS NOT NARCOTIC.

CENTAUR LINIMENTS; the  
World's great Pain-Relieving  
remedies. They heal, soothe and  
cure Burns, Wounds, Weak Back  
and Rheumatism upon Man,  
and Sprains, Galls, and Lameness  
upon Beasts. Cheap, quick  
and reliable.WARNER'S  
SAFE  
REMEDIES

Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

(Formerly Dr. Wright's Kidney Cure.)

A reliable preparation and the only one

known in the world for Bright's Disease,

Gravel, and all Kidney, Liver, and

Biliary Disorders.

It is a combination of the highest order in

medicine, and is the only one that

will cure the most obstinate cases of

Bright's Disease, Gravel, and all

Biliary Disorders, and is the only one

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## The Greencastle Banner.

## Our Cincinnati Letter.

Special Correspondence Greencastle Banner:

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 8, 1880.

SUNDAY IN CINCINNATI

shows the true Parisian aspect of this wicked city. It is a grand gala day. All of the hill-top resorts are in full blast and full of people. The Over-the-Rhine theaters have matinees and evening performances, both of which are crowded by all classes of people. A visit to one of these places reveals some curious pictures. Here you see a party of gay down-town clerks who are there merely to pass away the time. Their jolly laughter and lively conversation as they angle the girls and clink their beer-glasses in tune with the squeaking orchestra with a bad cold; the painted and bespangled female in short clothes who does the song and dance act, the daring old girl on the flying trapeze; the fire eater, the sword swallower and the great American only one of the kind—conjuror and ground-and-lofty-tumbler, are scenes which the dotting papas and mammas of these reckless youths would consider as not very elevating to the religious tendencies given them in early childhood. At the next table probably sits a staid old German with his family grouped about him. The fat old dame with her children in sizes resembling "stair steps" are quailing the fragrant amber, the father and mother with their mugs and the children with their "kneiss." Shows that they are born to it. Other pictures, including young women, many of whom are of doubtful reputation, always on the alert as they express it to "mash" the unwary man, present the glittering sides of life in the American Paris. The streets are crowded all day long; church-goers mingle with pleasure-seekers in the moving crowd; saloons, cigar shops and numerous retail stores are open the whole day. Countless and stylish turn-outs rumble over our streets on their way to the wide and popular boulevard, Spring Grove Avenue, where the fast teams are put upon their mettle. In fact, but for the open doors of the churches and the sound of sacred music within, one would think that Cincinnati on Sunday was entirely given up to amusement and pleasure, and the observer would not be far from right; yet in spite of these things very little crime is committed on Sunday. A drunken man is rarely seen; no boisterous demonstrations are had; every man seeks his own pleasure—has it, and is quiet about it. The town is lively, but not loud. Sunday is a workingman's holiday and he enjoys it. While I am not in favor of this general desecration of the Sabbath, yet one's views in regard to such things broaden considerably by contact with them.

## THE ELECTION.

As I look across the street and behold the vacant and deserted appearance of the place where last week a flaming banner boldly proclaimed as the Democratic headquarters, and where now the banner is conspicuously absent, and the motley gang which disturbed the wonted peace and serenity of the street by their rebel yells, is now voiceless; and when I remember the crowds around the bulletins and the satisfactory expression of each Republican phiz, it strikes me that something has dropped. We saw the funeral of the Democratic party passing along the street, the mourners not clad in funeral garb, and the dead rosters held aloft entwined with crape, and the shouts which greeted the procession as it was augmented every block by recruits, were not in accordance with any burial service I have ever seen, but it served. Another Ohio man takes the Presidential chair, and the country is safe.

For a long time I have been endeavoring to ascertain just how many Greencastle boys or girls I could find in this city, but owing to the fact that my time has been so fully occupied and the means of ascertaining exceedingly meager, I have not been able to find much more than a corporal's guard. I have discovered P. H. Matson, who is evangelizing central Ohio in the interest of Wm. Glenn & Sons, Parker is a good salesman and is doing well. I have run across the popular Harry Burley, who has been endeavoring to prove to the unsophisticated that Compton, Ault & Co. make the best wash-tubs in the world. Oscar Bridges does the cheap jewelry act for L. Goodman & Co., and Bridges is a "good man" to have in this business. Miss Minnie Hoyt, the accomplished teacher in Bartholomew Institute, and Dr. F. W. Joyce, the popular pastor of Saint Paul, M. E. Church, of Asbury's alumni, so far appears Dr. E. Williams, whose worldwide reputation in his management of different cases of the Eye and Ear, is raised enough; Dr. Bigney, another popular physician; L. S. Cumbach, of the Methodist Book Concern, and his wife, both of class '75, and Miss Susie Kelley, attending the College of Music. There are doubtless many more Greencastle and Asbury people here, and I intend to take out a search warrant and run them down.

YERBOS.

## New Maysville.

Long-faced Democrats and smiling Republicans are in abundance especially the former. Wonders will never cease, and now Punkin Bill Eggers voted his tax receipt. Since Noah first moved out Mt. Ararat the Eggers have been voting the Democratic ticket, and the above is the first instance of one losing his vote. Everybody is busy gathering corn and all are happy because Garfield is elected. Anthony Bowen is suffering with a lame knee. J. T. McMurray is feeding cattle in Kansas. The temperance society is not dead, but will begin business soon. There is no excuse for the people of Jackson township to live in ignorance, with a daily mail and the BANNER waving for all. The Eggers ring is busted. Democrats here retired into the big hollow sycamore in search of the lost cause.

## Putnamville.

Rev. R. Hawley, of Terre Haute, preached at the Presbyterian church, Sunday.

Work is progressing finely on the M. E. parsonage.

The Warren township Sunday-school Union will hold a convention next Saturday.

The public schools are progressing satisfactorily. A literary society has been organized. It is divided into two sections, both of which edit a paper. The teachers, Mr. Vandament and Mary Collins, seem to be alive to their work.

D. L. Vandament failed to find the polls Tuesday, and there is one Democratic vote less in this township.

Warren township made up 34 Republican majority last Tuesday. Put us down for 40 in 1881.

Samuel Mitchell, one of the stalwart Republicans, sacrificed two days for the cause of Garfield, coming home from Illinois, where he is receiving three dollars per day for labor. We see by the settlement with the township trustees, how well the Democrats make good the cry of "reform." John Sellers's, trustee of this (Warren) township, bill was \$36; John O'Brien's, of Washington township, was \$90; Louis Gough, of Jackson, \$77.76; John D. Sinclair, of Cloverdale township, \$90; F. M. Alexander, of Mill Creek township, \$82. These were all elected last April. All these, with the exception of Mr. Sellers, are good, old Democrats, and they have had the cry of "reform! reform! reform!" every day for the last four months. But we fear they have not heeded from the looks of their figures, but have stopped their ears, shut their eyes, opened wide their hands, and run their arms into the public crib far above their elbows.

## Bainbridge.

There will be a grand jollification and public rejoicing here next Saturday night, over the grand Republican victory. Everybody is invited to come.

The young folks will have a masque social at Bridges' Hall, Friday night.

M. M. Starr has gone to Des Moines, Iowa, with a view of locating there in the practice of law.

M. D. Darnall left Monday on a prospecting tour through Kansas. Fort Dodge is his objective point.

Pat Manning came near having a first-class fire at his restaurant Monday morning. The lathing and weatherboarding burned considerably before it was discovered. The damage was only slight. The fire caught from the stove.

You can tell Republicans at a distance now of three squares by their smiling faces and quick steps. They actually seem to be proud and we don't wonder at it.

Rumor has it that we are to have a new furniture store in town. We hope it will materialize.

Mr. Rogers, a student of Wabash College, was here last week visiting his parents.

M. E. Darnall and sons, of Washington city, Charles Darnall of Indianapolis, Frank West of Chicago, and Walter Clements of Lafayette, all came home to vote for Garfield and Glady.

Miss Mattie McKee entertained her many friends, last Thursday evening, very pleasantly. An old-fashioned candy pulling was indulged in.

We second the editorial of the BANNER urging free gravel roads. We of North Putnam need them badly.

## Ellettsville.

Putnam Tame is an idiot paper; he would not vote at the last election, although "they" offered him a "chaw" of tobacco if he would.

The Republicans of this township tender their thanks to Mrs. Mary E. Robinson for valuable assistance on election day.

The Democrats are certainly under obligations to J. W. Bridges, Harvey Newman and I. M. Day, for fidelity to the cause, and should present each with a leather medal.

A. E. Robinson has added groceries to his stock of drugs.

John Hagan and M. H. Reilly enjoyed that trip to Bainbridge the other night if they did start in a primitive vehicle and had to change on the road. They wanted a change.

Teachers' institute meets here on Saturday, the 20th.

## Cleverdale.

H. W. Larkin and J. W. O'Daniel were so rejoiced over the result of the election that they haven't got settled yet. Our Republicans all worked hard. W. D. McCoy did not forget that his barn had been burned last spring, and this gave his efforts increased energy to defeat the party that he held responsible for the outrage. A few more barns burnt and Putnam will go Republican by a large majority. Hurrah for the BANNER!

## Slaves in America.

Affairs are approaching a crisis in Ireland. The prosecutions of the leaders of the Land League are bearing fruit in violence and terror. The government hesitates before going further, and the Tory statesmen urge it on. Meantime nine-tenths of the Irish in America are willing slaves for the party that corresponds to the Tories in England, and few are the thanks they get for it. How would a political rebellion do here?

## Republican Vm.

Mooreville Monitor.

The Greencastle BANNER is a good paper. Bro. Langsdon puts a good deal of Republican vim in it. That's why it is a good paper.

## Our Ticket.

Crawfordsville Journal.

Gravel roads and big trade.

The supply of American wheat in Europe is not sufficient to prevent an advance in breadstuffs in Russia to double the usual prices. Wheat will undoubtedly advance in this country.

## Grant.

New York Mail.

He made no conditions, had a soul above all bargains, knew no past party contentions, cried for no individual griefs, but cared only for his duty, as a citizen, to the country he had saved. He has lost nothing, and gained much. Philadelphia Bulletin.

To Ulysses S. Grant, more perhaps than to any other single man in the country, honor is due for special service rendered in winning the great victory of Republican principles. That victory is, of course, the work of no single man nor of any set of men. It has been won, as all our national victories have been, whether in peace or in war, by the people. But Gen. Grant has rendered peculiar service deserving of all praise. Boston Herald.

Gen. Grant's judgment upon political matters will not be quite so diplomatically leered at by his censors hereafter. Evidently he didn't pass eight years in the White House without learning a good deal about politics, as well as other matters. The grim and proverbially silent General, who laid off his gloves two months ago with the remark, "It won't do to be beaten now," and took the field in person, proved himself a better forecaster than any of the professional politicians. And he had the confidence of his convictions, for he everywhere predicted "a sweeping victory," and talked figures that looked decidedly inflated to most other observers. A man of the people, like Lincoln, Wilson and Grant, is apt, after all, to know what they are likely to do in any contingency. Mr. Lowell finely said of Abraham Lincoln, that when the American people heard his plain speeches, "they seemed to be listening to their own thinking aloud." Gen. Grant's thinking aloud appears to have reflected very accurately what the people were: "keeping up a d-d of thinking about" to themselves.

## He'll Swim.

Rockville Tribune.

The argument in favor of Porter for U. S. Senator is a good deal stronger than we were at first willing to admit. To begin with, it is certainly in the line of precedent. Lane was elected Governor in 1880, and transferred to the Senate; Morton, four years after, went the same road, and Baker, in 1885, would have gone but for— In 1876, Harrison would undoubtedly have loomed up for Senator, if he had carried the State. In consequence of his candidacy for Governor, Gen. Harrison did receive the complimentary vote for Senator in 1878.—ED. BANNER.] Porter just now fills the public eye more completely than he will at any time within the next half dozen years; he has the prestige of wonderful success. Before his nomination he was not particularly well known to the people; his manner of addressing them was a little out of the common order, and he had all the charm of novelty. Having accomplished one big thing, the people are in humor to say: What can't he do if he only tries? He is on the up grade. He dived upon us suddenly as a new and pleasing variety of Indiana politician. Without intimating that he was superior to other candidates, it is certain that he was different from them, and that it was a very pleasant and successful kind of difference. There is no reasonable doubt that he would make a good Senator. The other candidates are rather evenly matched, and Porter may again prove a sort of harmonizing necessity. It is safe to say, also, that John Hanna and his friends are willing. Also that Porter, having had a taste of life in Washington, would enjoy it still. It is occasionally asked, if he would accept. Would a duck swim?

Photography Press.

Some villainous scoundrel mutilated a handsome organ belonging to Prof. Crozier, at Princeton. Prof. C. was the leader of the Garfield Club and his organ was in the court-room for use of the club. A short time before he was notified by several Democrats that he must either leave the club or they would take their children out of his normal music school. He declined to be bullied hence they took their spite in defacing his organ. What infamous things are done in the name of Democracy. Prof. Crozier formally lived in this county where he has many warm friends.

The license fees on the billiard tables of Crawfordville amount to \$30.

No longer do the passenger trains of the L. N. A. &amp; C. road run into the depot at New Albany, but proceed right on across the bridge into Louisville. This is rough on New Albany.

"Whiskey Run" township, Crawford county, gave two votes for Landers to one for Porter. Porter was too weak for that region.

The Democrats carried Clay county by a majority of forty-two, showing a Republican gain of eight over the October election on the State ticket. In the October election the county went Republican by majorities ranging from thirty-two to nearly 200 on the county ticket. Two of the county officers are being contested, namely: clerk and sheriff; but there is little probability of the Republican officers elect being prevented from taking their places. The recent elections may be regarded as having placed Clay county in the line of reliable Republican counties. The official vote of Clay county is as follows: Hancock, 2,838; Garfield, 2,851; Weaver 323. Democratic plurality, 42.

Hancock finds consolation in the thought that he held on to his Major General's commission.

Stockholders of the Edison Electric-light company have been assessed \$20 a share, to meet expenses of Edison's recent experiments. The stock has risen to \$1200 a share, on the report that Edison will make a public experiment with his invention early next month.

The election of W. R. Moore, the Republican candidate for Congress in the Memphis, Tenn., District, over Casey Young by a majority of 600, is a sign of the progress of Republicanism in Southern commercial cities.



# A MAIDEN'S MESSAGE.

ANONYMOUS.

O wind that wanderest o'er hill and vale and  
Blow round the home where he sleeps peace-  
fully.  
And breathe upon his brow a kiss from me,  
O golden maiden moon, so calm and pure  
Shed round and o'er him thy soft, tender  
streams of light:  
Tell him how well I love him—tell him so  
to-night.

O stars, all silvery bright, set on that deep,  
still blue,  
Stars that are watching o'er us both the  
long night through,  
Tell him my love for him is pure like you  
—and true.

O great, grand, snow-white clouds, slow  
drifting o'er the sky,  
Breathe to his heart a message as ye pass him  
by:  
Tell him my love would teach me how to do  
—or die.

O great wide sea, on which the night winds  
blow,  
Sing in his ears thy music calm and slow,  
Sing to his heart I love him, sing it soft and  
low.

O tiny, laughing ripples, dancing on the  
shore,  
O mighty ocean waves thundering your  
ceaseless roar,  
Tell him that I love him so well I could not  
love him more.

O moon and stars, O clouds and deep, blue  
sunny sea,  
And restless, wandering winds, bear him  
these words from me:  
"My own dear love, I love thee well—and  
constantly."

## HE DEAD HAND.

A servant found it under the front  
door early in the morning—a large,  
coarse sheet of letter paper, intricately  
folded, and sealed with a red wafer.  
The simple superscription, "Charles  
Glent, Wildlands," was legible enough,  
despite the cramped, irregular pen-  
manship. So also were the following  
lines, destitute of date, address and  
signature:

"Years ago you did me a kindness,  
which I vowed never to forget. In re-  
turn I now pen the warning that your  
house will be entered to-morrow night.  
It is well known to a certain thieving  
gang that you have a large sum of  
money by you. Be wise, and have it  
removed to a place of safety. Above  
all thing, employ some trustworthy  
person to act for you. So surely as you  
neglect this charge, suspicions will be  
excited, and your life possibly pay the  
forfeit of your folly."

"Be careful also to provide a good  
and open reason for any journey you  
may deem it advisable you should  
make, for I assure you every one of  
your movements is closely watched.  
And lastly, do not be foolhardy enough  
to give battle. The money is all that  
is wanted, and no personal injury will  
be offered if you keep quiet. Whether  
or not your servants have been tam-  
pered with I can't say."

Heavy lines of anxiety marked Mr.  
Glent's forehead as he read, and it  
was not surprising, the region being at  
that period a rough one in every way.  
Its locality and the circumstances  
which sent him there with his family  
it is needless to mention.

"Strange how the thing ever leaked  
out," he muttered to himself, "but I  
suppose through Oscar's folly. And  
now what am I to do? Oscar will be  
off in ten minutes," glancing from the  
letter to the pale, faded countenance of  
his dissipated stepson, who stood at a  
little distance, making hasty prepara-  
tions for a journey. "And perhaps it is  
as well—those gambling-bells have  
sunk him too low for any honest em-  
ployment."

The entrance of the two remaining  
members of his family, with the hur-  
ried adieus and departure of Oscar  
Layne, ended, for the time, his un-  
comfortable reflections. But the morn-  
ing cup of coffee, just then served,  
fully discussed he passed the letter to  
his wife and daughter.

Mrs. Glent sat in mute horror. The  
daughter, a noble-looking creature of  
some years, was stronger-nerved. She  
reread the letter slowly and critically.  
"To-morrow," she commented,  
thoughtfully, "That may either mean  
to-night or to-morrow night, papa.  
You see there is no date. We don't  
know whether it written twelve or  
twenty-four hours ago."

"You are right. That never oc-  
curred to me. We have even less time  
than I supposed. But I see nothing  
for it but to let the money go."

"It is too badly needed, papa, to be  
quietly yielded to those wretches,"  
Bessie quietly answered.

"True. But what is to be done? If  
you and your mother were not here I  
would risk my life in taking it to the  
Bolton Bank. But as it is, I can't con-  
scientiously do so, and there is no one  
upon whom I can call."

"Yes, there is; I will take it."  
"You!" exclaimed both parents, ut-  
terly aghast for the moment.

"Yes, I am going," was the cool re-  
joinder.

"You are demented, Bessie!" cried  
her step-mother. "It is far better to  
lose the money than for you to run so  
great a risk."

"Determined, mamma, not demented,"  
smiled Bessie, as her father said:  
"You forget, Bessie, that you will  
have a drive of three miles over a road  
too lonely to make you feel quite at  
ease, considering the character of those  
about us."

"I am too much like myself to be a  
coward," she answered, firmly. "And  
indeed I don't believe there is the  
slightest danger, except in imagination.  
My best protection, I think, will  
be our market-basket, and that I shall  
take and bring home well filled. Your  
vest pistol would not, however, be out  
of place in my pocket, and I will take  
it also, since I can handle it as dexter-  
ously as yourself."

A few more objections were urged,  
only to be skillfully overruled, and Mr.  
Glent, feeling also that there was no  
actual danger, at last fully consented.  
"Why not send for assistance,  
Charles?" suggested the very not per-  
spective Mrs. Glent.

"That would never do in such a re-  
gion and under such circumstances,  
unless we intend to keep an armed  
force about us." Bessie answered  
promptly, Mr. Glent echoing her opin-  
ion most emphatically.

"What are you going to do with  
that?" Mr. Glent asked, as she con-  
cealed it beneath her sash.

"I don't know," she laughed. "It  
had a friendly look, and I was seized  
with an irresistible impulse to take  
possession of it, without any actual  
reason for doing so. Somehow it is in  
high favor with me."

Mr. Glent smiled.  
"You are a brave girl, Bessie."  
"And I have a right to be," was the  
proud rejoinder. "My grandfather  
was a brave soldier, and you are a  
brave civilian, or you would never be  
here."

The morning was a deliciously  
balmy one, and Bessie drove fearlessly  
on, enjoying the wild scenery about  
her, though eye and ear were ever on  
the alert for possible dangers. The  
quick trot, which had scarcely been  
broken from the moment of starting,  
soon brought her to the wildest part  
of her journey, midway between  
Wildlands and Boston.

Immense forest trees on either side  
the narrow road, with irregular mas-  
sive piles of frowning rocks, gave a  
sombre look to the spot, which rendered  
it peculiarly adapted to the marauding  
villain's purpose. The had just  
penetrated its deepest shadows, when  
her quick, watchful eye caught sight,  
for a moment, of some stealthily mov-  
ing object a short distance ahead  
whether man or beast she could not  
decide.

"No, I will not fire even if I should  
be assaulted," she hastily thought,  
withdrawing her hand from the pistol  
she had involuntarily grasped. "It  
might invite worse."

And with beating heart she slipped  
the hatchet from belt to knee. She  
was none too quick. The next instant  
a masked man darted from behind the  
rocks and seized the horse's head.  
Unused to such rough treatment, the  
high-spirited brute plunged so violent-  
ly as to shake off the villain's grasp.  
But nothing daunted he caught the  
shaft and, in spite of the speed at  
which the animal started forward, he  
succeeded, with the ease and dexterity  
of one skilled in feats of the kind, in  
seizing the dashboard with one hand  
and the body of the wagon just below  
with the other hand. But at the very  
moment he was in the act of springing  
up, the little hatchet's gleaming edge  
smote, just at the wrist, the hand near  
her foot, and with a groan he sprang  
or fell backward, leaving on the wagon  
floor a ghastly proof of the attack in a  
bleeding hand.

It all passed like a dream, and half  
unconscious of the shocking reality,  
Bessie drove for a time, wildly and un-  
thinkingly on. But before Bolton  
was entered her mind had regained its  
usual activity. Checking the horse's  
mad career, she suddenly bent down  
and wrapped the ghastly object at  
her feet in a couple of newspapers  
fortunately found under the cushions.  
Then, erasing, as well as she could, all  
evidence of her adventure, she proceed-  
ed toward Bolton, and in a short time  
was quietly, though with pallid cheek,  
transacting the business calling her  
there. That done, she asked for one  
of the gentlemen to whom she was  
well known and related her story.

"I firmly believe the letter was a  
decoy," she concluded, "and also, that  
the whole was the work of one indi-  
vidual."

"Undoubtedly, and that that indi-  
vidual was no rough you may rest as-  
sured," returned the gentleman.

"Still," said Bessie, I shall act with  
all my intended caution, as we may be  
mistaken."

"You surely will not venture to re-  
turn alone to Wildlands?"

"Certainly. My late assailant will  
have full enough to do to look after  
his wound, and I have little fear of  
any other, as the road is not infested  
by highwaymen."

The conference continued for a few  
moments longer, and then the matter  
was carried to the authorities. A plas-  
ter cast off the fair, muscular hand,  
which it was plainly evident had never  
graced the person of a rough, was  
quickly taken, and the agent soon at  
his secret work.

Not many hours later Mr. Glent was  
lifting Bessie and her well-filled basket  
from the wagon.

"I made the purchases, considering  
it safer to do so," she remarked; "but I  
suspect time will prove me to have  
been needlessly cautious." And she  
briefly detailed the events of the morn-  
ing.

"And what of the return journey?"  
he anxiously asked—a deeper shadow  
on his face than Bessie thought the oc-  
currence warranted.

"I met with nothing to alarm—not a  
trace of the villain remained."

As Bessie expected, undisturbed quiet  
reigned night after night.

But one day the little, keen-eyed  
agent made his appearance at Wild-  
lands, and asked for Mr. Glent. He  
seemed uneasy, and made his business  
known as quickly as possible.

"We have found our man, sir," he  
said, abruptly. "Plenty of mother wit  
in him, too, or he would not have  
eluded us so long. But he got pretty  
low down and ventured back to our  
place, and last night at play got into  
a difficulty which ended in a bad wound.  
He is dying now, sir, and wants to  
see you."

"Who is he?" Mr. Glent asked, with  
a certain grave anxiety.

"If you will excuse me, sir, he begged  
me to bring you without telling his  
name," the agent returned, uneasily,  
"and I never refuse the dying."

For one instant they gazed into each  
other's eyes. It was enough. Mr.  
Glent went unquestioningly.

He was taken to one of the low dens  
in which Bolton abounded, and to the  
bedside of the dying man.

"And so my secret fears are realized;  
it is you, Oscar?" he said, taking the  
man's hand the poor wretch felt and  
half-doubtfully extended.

"It is, but don't! don't approach  
me!" he gasped. "I have enough of  
that here; touching his breast. 'Too  
much! too much! Ah! if I could only  
live over one year of my life—one little  
year!'"

"That you cannot, my poor Oscar;  
but you can—"

ask you to forgive me—forgive me for  
my mother, too—I would not kill her  
by bringing her here. You see it was  
a debt of honor—and I had to have the  
money by fair means or foul, and so I  
wrote the letter, I wrote it very care-  
fully—very carefully, and all happened  
as I designed, except—"

And he moved the maimed arm significantly.  
After a moment's silence he resumed,  
with the same panting breath: "I  
supposed you would send the money to  
Bolton, as there was no other place,  
and I knew Bessie would take it if I  
made it a matter of life and death for  
you to go. It was this way, you see—  
I did not want to fight for it—I did not  
want to fight my step-father. But I  
anticipated an easy victory over Bessie  
by means of my superior strength. But  
she was too quick for me. Poor Bessie!  
she got the hand that wrote the letter!  
Forgive me—my mother!"

That was all. Death claimed him.

## "Talking an Ivory."

African Cor. New York Observer.

In the ivory trade in Africa two  
kinds of tusks are found, called "live"  
and "dead." As far as utility and  
value are concerned, there is but little  
difference between them, though the  
shrewd traders, in buying, always en-  
deavor to magnify this and secure a  
"dead" ivory at a much lower figure.  
Those tusks, too, weighing under  
twenty pounds are called "scrivellers,"  
and, in proportion to their size, are a  
great deal cheaper than those of greater  
weight. "Scrivellers" and tusks are  
both called "live" and "dead." The  
pieces thus denominated are found by  
the natives in places where the ele-  
phant resorts, but without other bones.  
Some twenty miles above Kangwe  
Mission station, in the Ogowe, there is  
a small island in the middle of the  
river, not more than one and a half  
acres in area. Here is a trading house  
which buys some two tons of ivory  
per month. "Talking an Ivory" gen-  
erally occupies one and sometimes two  
days. For instance, a large tusk is  
brought in a canoe and offered for sale.  
There is a regularly established price  
per pound. The ivory is at once  
weighed, and the payment in goods  
thrown over the counter. This is called  
an ivory "bundle," and consists of  
about the following articles for a tusk  
weighing eighty pounds: Ten guns,  
seventy-five Neptunes (large round  
platters of very thin brass), ten  
yards of "African check" (cloth),  
ten yards of American check, five  
"Livingston shirts" (1) five "Regatta  
shirts," ten red woolen caps, five straw  
hats, two gallons of rum, one case of  
gin, ten pounds of tobacco, fifty pipes,  
fifty gun-flints, ten pounds of gunpow-  
der, twelve lead bars, twenty brass  
wires, twenty copper wires, fifty ankle-  
rings, twenty arm-rings, ten iron bars,  
twenty boxes of matches, five butcher-  
knives, ten files, five red sashes, five  
belts, ten bars of soap, and a few trink-  
ets and toys. Then commences the  
"talk." Here is an opportunity for  
almost infinite permutation. A de-  
mand is made for five more guns,  
which is promptly refused. Then three  
guns must be returned, and their  
equivalent in some other articles passed.  
Then fifty Neptunes must be ex-  
changed for something else. And so on  
almost ad infinitum. Sometimes, after  
talking for two days, the natives will  
return all the goods, shoulder the tusk  
and walk a hundred miles to another  
trader from whom they think they can  
get five more pipes! When the bar-  
gain is consummated the "bundle" is  
taken to the native trader's town, and  
he for his commission, retains say two  
guns, ten Neptunes, and so on through  
all the articles. The remaining goods  
he sends by his slaves to another  
native from whom he received the tusk,  
living, perhaps, a hundred miles  
inland. This man, in turn, retains his  
commission, and sends the remainder  
to another still further in the interior,  
and so on. It is estimated that the  
goods pass through from five to ten  
hands before reaching those that first  
found the tusk or killed the elephant.  
And what does he receive? Not a tithe  
of the original bundle!

## A Pretty Woman's Picture.

Frank Hammer, Assistant Post-  
master at Allendale, Mo., was arrested  
by Captain R. M. Elliott on Tuesday  
evening and taken to Kansas City,  
where his preliminary examination oc-  
curred yesterday. He is charged with  
abstracting money and other valuables  
from registered packages. The crime  
is said to have been committed about  
October 8th. Hammer was bound  
over in the sum of \$1,000 to appear be-  
fore the United States District Court.  
At last accounts he had not given  
bond.

Allendale is a hamlet with a popu-  
lation of about two hundred persons,  
situated in the north-eastern part of  
Worth county, eight miles from Grant  
City, the county-seat, and thirty miles  
from Hopkins, the nearest point at  
which railroad connection is obtained.  
C. W. Hammer, brother of Frank  
Hammer, is Postmaster there. The  
two brothers were partners in a small  
country store. For some time it had  
been known that a person unknown  
to the authorities had been tampering  
with the mails in this section of the  
country. Several decoy letters were  
sent, and the office at Allendale began  
to be suspected. A merchant named  
Cunningham sent four one-dollar bills  
in a letter. To these Hammer helped  
himself. About this time he began to  
find out that suspicions were aroused.

Certain correspondence between Gov-  
ernment officers met his eye. He put  
the \$4 into the letter and forwarded it  
to its destination. The act was done  
in a bungling manner. The investi-  
gation that followed this served to  
deepen suspicion against the Allendale  
Post-office. It was a young lady's  
photograph, however, that served as  
the pivotal point upon which the  
blame was turned against Hammer.

A registered package containing photo-  
graphs was sent from Grant City to  
Allendale. Hammer opened the pack-  
age and took therefrom the picture of  
a very beautiful young lady. Then he  
sealed the envelope and delivered it.  
By some means it became known that  
Hammer had done this. A warrant  
was sworn out and the arrest was  
made. His trunk was opened, and in  
his album the convicting photograph  
was found. Hammer is an unmarried  
man about twenty-two years of age.  
He has heretofore sustained an un-  
blemished reputation. The amount  
Hammer has taken at different times  
is not known. He might have escaped  
detection but for the picture.

## MONSTROUS HIDES.

How the Skins of the Rhinoceros  
and Boa-Constrictors Are  
Utilized.

New York News.

The hides of the bull, bear, cow, calf,  
sheep, goat, kid and even the alligator,  
for years past have been sold in the  
leather markets, and are considered the  
most desirable for the manufacture of  
boots, shoes, saddlery, harness and  
other articles for the general use and  
wear of both man and beast. But the  
ingenuity of the latter day American  
seems to have no limit. Forests and  
jungles of the sunny Eastern Hemis-  
phere have been penetrated in order to  
satisfy the wants of fashion and of  
trade. The hides of the ponderous,  
clumsy and ugly rhinoceros and the  
treacherous venomous boa-constrictor  
are now being turned into profitable  
account by manufacturers.

The hide of the rhinoceros, though of  
the heaviest and thickest description,  
would appear to be more serviceable  
for the manufacture of saddlery and  
harness, but this is not the case. Manu-  
facturers and dealers in these articles  
have discovered this most durable  
leather to be of little use in their trade,  
because, owing to its solidity and  
thickness a needle of any power or  
sharpness can hardly be made to pene-  
trate it. Some few months ago a  
manufacturing firm tested the durability  
and usefulness of rhinoceros hide in  
the manufacture of a carriage-spring.  
It was patented, but rhinoceros leather  
was in too great demand to satisfy the  
supply of these springs, and only by  
slow work could orders be furnished;  
then the result of this innovation de-  
veloped itself, and the hide of the  
mighty beast it was discovered could  
not withstand as much of the wear and  
tear as the delicate kid, if made in the  
same thickness and applied to the  
same uses.

The skin was tanned and imported  
here by foreign concerns, and when  
placed on sale brought very high  
prices. Its general utility was not  
known, to a very great extent, until  
lately. At present the hide of the  
rhinoceros is chiefly adapted to the  
manufacture of jewelers' buffing-  
wheels, which are required in making  
a polish on gold jewelry, like that  
brought out in burnishing brass. In  
Germany and England there are about  
a dozen tanneries where the skin of  
the rhinoceros is prepared for the  
market.

The skins are sent to the tanneries  
direct from Africa in some cases by  
regular hunting expedition parties.  
It requires from two to three years'  
time to prepare the hides of these huge  
monsters for the leather market. When  
the time and cost required are taken  
into consideration, the cost of rhinoc-  
eros leather after importation is con-  
siderable. An enterprising tannery  
has been established in Hartford, Con-  
necticut, for the reception of the raw  
skins.

They are enabled to furnish the  
leather to the trade of this city at a  
thickness of from a half to an eighth of  
an inch at \$1 per pound. It takes but  
very little to make a pound. From  
one whole rhinoceros skin it is es-  
timated that at least 250 pounds can be  
easily secured for utilization from the  
tannery, and when assorted will, when  
sold, bring from \$300 to \$400. Al-  
though it takes nearly three years to  
prepare one of these hides for the  
market, at least one hundred could be  
run through the process at the same  
time.

The skins of the boa-constrictors are  
not supplied through the European  
market, but are directly brought from  
the deep forests of Asia and Africa.  
The serpents are trapped and secured  
by the slaves of Oriental, Turkish and  
Egyptian tradespeople, who have long  
been supplying the demands of snake-  
charmers, showmen and stylish dames  
and damsels of foreign countries. The  
snakes are often worn around the  
necks and arms of these people while  
alive. They are made harmless by the  
skill of the necromancer or serpent-  
doctor, who is honored for his won-  
derful powers in successfully tearing  
out the fangs and drawing the deadly  
poison from these serpents. At present  
a large fancy goods establishment on  
Broadway, near Twentieth street, has  
introduced the skin of the boa-con-  
strictor among some of the most fash-  
ionable and convenient of their articles  
of ladies' waist-belts and chateaux are  
worn, made of the serpents' skin  
upon our streets daily.

Such appliances create curiosity  
wherever seen, looking so wild and  
barbarous in their design as to cause a  
suspicion or doubt as to their genui-  
neness. They bring good prices. A belt  
alone cost \$8, but with the chateaux  
attachment \$12 are demanded. Card,  
cigarettes, cigar-cases and porte-  
monnaies are made to order from the  
same material, as well as small sach-  
ets and shopping-bags. In securing  
these king serpents of the forest and  
jungle the greatest of dangers are en-  
countered. Breeding sets are often ob-  
tained.

The manner of preparing the skins for  
the tannery is of a delicate nature.  
After the serpent has been put to death  
by some means that will preserve the  
skin from any cut or injury, the body  
is passed over to a taxidermist, who  
strips the hide as he would the skin  
from an eel. The tanner doctors the  
frail hide so that it becomes perfectly  
pliable, and retains all its natural ap-  
pearance and color as in life. Boa-  
constrictors, though a very ferocious  
and dangerous species of serpent, are  
also of a very costly order to obtain.  
In this country they have heretofore  
been considered only in the light of  
an attractive feature among many  
curiosities attached to a circus, side  
show, or private or public museum.

## Landseer.

The following is from "Sir Edwin  
Landseer," by F. C. Stephens:  
But by far the most amusing in-  
stance of the technical powers of our  
subject is that which in itself, without  
regard to Landseer, a subject of extra-  
ordinary interest to physiologists  
and inquirers into the nature of the  
action of the brain and the distribu-  
tion of nerve power. Our informant  
is Mr. Solomon Hart, a Royal Acade-  
mician remarkable for his accomplish-  
ments and acute observation. A large

party was assembled one evening at  
the house of a gentleman in the upper  
ranks of London "society," a crowd of  
ladies and gentlemen of distinction  
were present, including Landseer, who  
was, as usual, a lion; a large group  
gathered about the sofa where he was  
lounging, the subject turned on dex-  
terity and facility in feats of skill with  
the hand. No doubt the talk was in-  
geniously led in this direction by some  
one who knew Sir Edwin could do  
wonders of dexterous draughtsmanship,  
and were not unwilling to see  
him draw, but they did not expect to  
see what followed.

A lady, looking back on a settee, and  
rather tired of the subject, as ladies  
are apt to become when conversation  
does not appeal to their feelings or  
their interests, exclaimed, after many  
instances of manual dexterity had  
been cited: "Well, there's one thing  
that nobody has ever done, and that is  
draw two things at once." She had  
signaled herself by quashing a sub-  
ject of conversation, and was about to  
return to her most becoming attitude,  
when Landseer said: "Oh, I can do  
that; lend me two pencils and I will  
show you. The pencils were got, a  
piece of paper was laid on the table,  
and Sir Edwin, a pencil in each hand,  
drew simultaneously, and without  
hesitation, with one hand the profile  
of a stag's head and all its antlers,  
complete, and with the other the per-  
fect profile of a horse's head. Both  
drawings were full of energy and spirit,  
and although, as the occasion com-  
pelled, not finished, they were to-  
gether and individually quite as good  
as the master was accustomed to pro-  
duce with his right hand alone. The  
drawing by the left hand was not in-  
ferior to that by the right.

## She Won the Wager.

San Francisco Bulletin.

But here comes one of my favorites.  
Isn't she fine looking? No? Well,  
listen while I tell you her story, and  
learn why I like her looks. Some  
years ago a man, who had more money  
than reputation, advertised that he  
would give \$5,000 to any respectable  
white woman who would walk un-  
veiled from the Adams House entrance  
down Washington street with him, at  
an hour when all the fashionables  
were promenading. For weeks that  
offer remained unclaimed, for his repu-  
tation was such that no respectable  
woman would be seen with him, and  
the advertisement said "none others need  
apply." Finally, this woman who  
just passed us agreed to his terms, and  
to join him at the appointed place and  
time. When the hour came Mr.—  
was on hand. Soon a carriage drove  
up with the lady. It had been noised  
abroad that the offer had been taken  
up, and quite a crowd had gathered to  
see him pay his \$5,000. He helped her  
alight, offered her his arm, walked a  
few steps with her, when she removed  
her veil at his request and revealed to  
his gaze a face as black as night. "You  
have deceived me," he said; "this is  
not fair." "I am not a negro,"  
she replied, and to prove it  
she pulled off her gloves and  
showed a pair of hands as white  
as yours are this minute. The man  
turned toward the carriage, paid her  
\$5,000 and she drove off, leaving him  
to the laughter and hoots of the amu-  
sed crowd of bystanders. It turned out  
afterward that the girl was very poor,  
and that she had a magnificent voice  
that she could not cultivate for want  
of money, and that was the way she  
overcame that obstacle. She went to  
Europe and studied five years and has  
returned one of our most brilliant  
singers. You can tell from her proud  
bearing and refined appearance that  
she is just the sort of woman to do  
such a thing with dignity, and come  
out none the worse for it either.

## Science of Kissing.

New Orleans Times.

Science in the last few years has  
gained a terrible foothold in this world.  
It has rattled the dry bones of old  
fogyism, made pi out of worn-out  
theories, upset ideas which have been  
established for centuries. The latest  
and most astonishing fact that has been  
developed is that there is a scientific  
mode of kissing. The day when a  
young man could grab a girl around  
the neck and gobble a kiss in a rough  
but comfortable manner is past. The  
time when he could circle her waist  
with one arm, get his shirt-bosom full  
of hair oil, and pirouette his lips over  
every square inch of her countenance  
is no more. Science has proclaimed  
against it, and man shudders, but re-  
mains silent. The old style of kissing,  
which sounds like some one tearing a  
clapnet off a smoke-house, is now  
considered bad taste, and, consequent-  
ly, is rapidly going out of fashion, al-  
though the majority of girls admit that  
science has cruelly destroyed all the  
comfort of a long-languishing, heart-  
thrilling kiss, and causes them to ex-  
press no little regret at the change.  
The improved scientific method of  
kissing is to throw the right arm lan-  
guidly around the fair one's shoulder,  
tilt her chin up with the left hand un-  
til her nose is pointed at an angle of  
forty-five degrees, or rather until it has  
an aspect resembling the bowsprit of  
a clipper-built sloop, then stoop slowly,  
and grazing about her lips in a quiet,  
subdued sort of way, tickle her nose  
with your mustache until she cries  
"Ouch!" That is scientific kissing,  
but there is no consolation in it. It is  
flat, lukewarm; it lacks substance, and  
not stale is at least unprofitable.

## HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

CECES SUR LE PLAT.—Butter a dish,  
put it on the fire, and when the butter  
begins to melt, break your eggs one by  
one and place them on the dish next  
to each other; dust them over with  
salt and pepper, and cover them either  
with cream or small pieces of butter.  
Put the dish in the oven or before the  
fire for six or seven minutes, then pass  
a red-hot shovel over the parts the  
least done, and serve immediately in  
the dish they have been cooked in,  
placing it over a hot china dish.

BROILED MACKEREL A LA MAITRE  
D'HOTEL.—After taking out the gills  
and inside, clean and dry the mack-  
erel with a damp cloth (it should never  
be washed for broiling), fold in an  
oiled paper and put on the gridiron.  
When done on one side turn on the  
other; then remove the paper and  
dress on the dish in which it is to be  
served; split it down the back and put  
in a lump of butter mixed with finely-

chopped parsley and shives of  
worked into it, adding salt and pepper  
and a squeeze of lemon juice. Serve  
before the butter is quite melted.

CROQUETTES OF CHICKEN AND  
RICE.—Boil gently half a pound of  
rice in a quart of water or milk for  
half an hour, then add three ounces of  
butter. Simmer till quite dry and  
When cold make into balls; roll them  
out the inside and fill with minced  
chicken made rather thick. Cover  
over with rice, dip the balls into the  
yolk of an egg, sprinkle over with  
bread-crumbs and fry a nice brown.  
Before the rice cools, add a little  
cream or milk.

POTATOE DUCHESSE.—Take half a  
dozen potatoes, boil them, pass them  
through a sieve, and work into them  
in a bowl one gill of cream and the  
yolks of three eggs; add pepper, salt  
and nutmeg to taste, and some parmesan  
finely chopped. When they are well  
mixed and smooth, take them up in  
tablespoonfuls, roll each in a ball, flat-  
ten it and flour it slightly. Lay them  
all in a saute pan with plenty of butter  
melted, and cook them slowly. Turn  
them over when one side is done, and  
serve hot as soon as both sides are  
done.

PUREE DE POMMES DE TERRE.—  
Having passed some boiled potatoes  
through a sieve, put them into a  
saucepan with a piece of butter, some  
milk, and a well-flavored white stock,  
until they become of a consistency be-  
tween pea soup and pea pudding,  
flavor them to taste with pepper, salt  
and grated nutmeg; serve them warm  
or a short time, and serve. A clove  
of garlic laid in the saucepan with the  
potatoes for a few minutes, and then  
removed, is an improvement.

Instead of milk use some good meat  
gravy.—Puree de pommes de terre.

Take a boiled Spanish onion and  
three times its bulk of mashed pota-  
toes; add a piece of butter, plenty of  
black pepper, and a little salt; pass  
whole through a hair sieve, then roll  
it into balls, put







Seeking a Victim.

The Southern Democracy are seeking for a victim upon whom to vent their spite. Samuel L. Perry was the most active colored man in North Carolina in promoting the exodus of his people from that State to Indiana. When he returned to his home after the second company of emigrants, they tried to prevent his getting away with them by arresting him on a trumped up charge of forgery. It was claimed that his brother, a school teacher, had been paid, on a "raised" certificate, \$30, instead of \$15 the amount due him, and that Samuel L. had changed the certificate. On the preliminary examination the prosecution failed to connect Samuel L. Perry with the certificate in any way, and so utterly failed to make out a case on their own evidence, that the defense declined to submit any evidence. Perry ought to have been discharged at once, but the whites were so anxious to prevent him from leading his people to Indiana that he was recognized to court by the magistrate in the sum of \$100, in the expectation that he would have to go to jail in consequence of being unable to furnish the bail. There was great excitement at the time. Both the whites and blacks had gathered from the surrounding country in large numbers, armed with such weapons as they could procure. When the decision of the magistrate was announced the blacks promptly raised the money, deposited it with the proper officer, and Perry was again free to come to Indiana with his company, which he did after several days delay. These facts we gathered from the Negroes who were with him at the time. They all told the same story. This was the first act in the drama; the second was to follow.

When the result of the late election in this State became known in North Carolina the Democracy there ascribed it largely to the blacks who had emigrated from among them. That the much despised Negro should have been of so much service in achieving a victory which destroyed the hopes of a Solid South excited them greatly. Their indignation knew no bounds. They must have revenge. Perry had secured a position in one of the departments at Washington as a messenger. It was determined that he should be their victim, and he was accordingly arrested on the 24th ult., on a requisition from the Governor of North Carolina. A writ of *habeas corpus* was at once taken out by his friends, and the hearing on that has progressed from time to time since. The purpose in seeking to take him back to North Carolina is self-evident; but the case has attracted so much attention that the bulldozers would hardly dare to proceed to violence, especially as the time is near at hand when loyal men will be protected at the South.

LATER: Yesterday Judge Wythe ordered the release of Perry. An appeal was taken from the decision.

Election day did not pass in the South without numerous murders. At Cedar Rock, N. C., J. W. Farmer was killed by his brother. They had been drinking, and got to discussing the political situation, one being a Democrat and the other a Republican. The dead man fell with a knife clamped in his hand. At Lexington, Miss., J. W. Ashcroft was killed by T. J. Lockhart, who in turn was killed, and C. M. Hall, editor of the *Times*, painfully wounded. We have not room to continue the list of casualties in that highly civilized land of freedom for the shot-gun and revolver.

The Southern Democrats are so disgusted with Northern Democrats that many of them favor casting all the electoral votes from their section for Gen Garfield, and it is rumored that a meeting will soon be held at Richmond to so instruct. Should this be done, the bloody chasm will, indeed, have been bridged over.

An Enemy in the Camp.

The Cloverdale *Courier* announced for Garfield the week previous to the Presidential election, too late to do any good, as the question had already been settled at the October election. Last week it indulged in a vicious, untruthful and gratuitous attack on the BANNER and on a gentleman who has advanced to the front rank among the Republicans of this State. If this is a specimen of its Republicanism, and if it was for this purpose that it came over into our party, it were better had the *Courier* remained in the independent camp, or to have gone to the Democracy outright. The less we have of such "Republicanism," the better it is for our party.

If Putnam county is to be redeemed we must have a united, a strong pull and a pull altogether. And especially must the young men be given a chance. The BANNER has never had any sort of sympathy with the spirit which seeks to hold young men in subjection to those who would maintain a monopoly for their own individual benefit. If the young men of our party develop capacity, zeal for the right, and make an opportunity to secure positions of honor and trust, we believe in extending them a helping hand instead of shoving them back. Neither would we discriminate against the elder members of the party, our motto being to give all an equal chance, and may the best man win. As yet the Republicans of Putnam county have not enough in their possession to quarrel about, so let us have peace that we may become strong.

In this connection the following lines from Joaquin Miller are appropriate:

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother,  
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?  
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other,  
In blackness of heart that we war to the knife?  
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.  
God pity us all as we jostle each other;  
God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel.  
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather,  
Pierced to the heart. Words are keener than steel,  
And mightier far for woe or for weal.  
Were it not well, in this brief little journey,  
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,  
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,  
Ere folding the hands to be and abide  
Forever and aye in dust at his side?  
Look at the roses saluting each other;  
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain—  
Man and man-only, makes war on his brother,  
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain.  
Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.  
Is it worth while that we battle to humiliate  
Some poor fellow soldier down into the dust?  
God pity us all! Time oft soon will tumble  
All of us together, like leaves in a gust,  
Humbled, indeed, down into the dust.

The political contest in which the people of Putnam county have been so hotly engaged for months is now happily ended. If antagonisms have grown up they should be forgotten, as well as the offensive words or actions that occasioned them. As the BANNER has before remarked, we are all alike, Republican as well as Democrat and Democrat as well as Republican, interested in the development and prosperity of the county, and to this we should now address ourselves. It is our common home. Whatever benefits the one benefits the other. As friends and neighbors we should now examine the situation and learn what can be done that will best promote the common welfare, and, having learned it, set about the performance. By thus laying aside our differences concerning matters that have passed beyond our control for the present, and acting together untied in taking care of and advancing our home interests, we can soon make a wonderful improvement in the material condition of the county.

One of the best victories of the campaign was that of Hon. R. B. F. Peirce, of Crawfordsville, over Bayless W. Hanna, of Terre Haute, for Congress. Hanna was one of the most notorious of Indiana sympathizers with the rebellion. That he got so badly beaten by Peirce is a cause for great rejoicing by Union men all over the State. Three cheers for Peirce.

These are the principles for which Grant and the Boys in Blue fought.

DEMOCRACY ASSERTS ITSELF.

Insult to the Union Soldiers, Dead or Alive.

When the corner stone of the new State House was laid, in September, Gov. Hendricks, who delivered the oration, ignored the entire period of the war. The oration was little else than a recital of the history of the State, and his omission of all mention of the heroic part borne by the State and by her soldiers in the great struggle for the national life was invidious and unardonable. Among a large number of articles deposited in the corner stone there is not a single memorial of the war. So that the stone is as silent as Gov. Hendricks' oration. But Gov. Hendricks was not content to pass over the epoch of the war without mention. In commenting upon the compromise of the canal debt of 1846-7, he said "that was the best thing done in the old State House." This, it is believed, was an obvious effort to belittle the great work of the war done in the old building by elevating the adjustment of 1846 into an undue prominence. His fulsome laudation of Gov. Whitcomb, it is charged, was also clearly an invidious fling at the fame of Gov. Morton. It is now recalled that the Masons, Odd Fellows, and all the benevolent societies, as well as the military organizations, were all excluded by order of Gov. Williams from participating in the ceremony of laying the corner stone, and that the whole thing was engrossed by the Democratic State administration. This looks now very much like a premeditated, but quietly executed, scheme on the part of the Democratic managers to exclude from the stone every thing not congenial to Democratic taste, although at the time it passed unnoticed. This whole matter has been brought into present prominence by the speech of Edward T. Johnson, of this city, delivered at Castleton a few days prior to the election. It was one of the brightest efforts of the campaign, and exposed ex-Governor Hendricks and the Democratic managers so completely that the feelings of Republicans, and especially of the soldiers, on the subject throughout the State is intense. A movement is on foot among the best men to induce the new Legislature to pass an act instructing Gov. Porter as soon as he is inaugurated to lay a new corner stone, the contents of which shall be representative of the present generation, and commemorative of the great epoch of the war. It is understood that Gov. Porter himself is distinctly favorable to the movement and it will probably be done. Nothing was said of the matter until the elections were over, but now that these are out of the way Republicans propose righting this wrong at their earliest opportunity. The whole affair as managed in September was an insult to every soldier in the State, and the cry is let there be another stone laid, and another oration delivered.

This is the result of putting the Government of Indiana into the hands of the party that sympathized with the rebellion. Nothing could more clearly show what would become of the interests of Union soldiers and the cause for which they fought should that party remain permanent in power. The Democratic leaders hated such soldiers during the war, and they hate them still except those who have deserted.

This wrong must be righted, and that speedily. The first act of the Legislature and Gov. Porter should be the laying of a new corner stone with such ceremonies and contents as shall do full justice to the most glorious epoch in the history of the State. Let the soldiers come to the front once more and wipe out the insult put upon them by Tom Hendricks as the representative of the Democratic party. We grant that the laying of the stone as we demand is only a sentiment, but so is patriotism and every other ennobling aspiration. Such a sentiment is the bulwark of American liberty and the integrity of the Nation. It must be cultivated rather than destroyed.

The responses which reach us in reply to our article of last week, headed, "Now for Putnam County," are very gratifying. One gentleman says:

"I think it is just the thing, and it meets my hearty approval. It embodies my ideas of the demands of the situation. Put me down as one. I am located here in Putnam county, expect to live and die here, and if 1882 don't crown 'our efforts with success, you can enroll me 'for life or during the war.' I am a firm believer in the final triumph of the right, and believe the principles of the Republican party as they now stand embody the right as against the wrong embodied in the Democratic party."

J. G. McPeeters has been the Postmaster at Bloomington for about sixteen years. This will explain the following "important correspondence," which we clip from the last *Telephone* of that place:

J. G. McPeeters, Bloomington:  
DEAR SIR: Up to late Tuesday night it had been my intention since last J. G. to make a "change" in the P. O., but I am just informed—then I don't think Gen. P. L. D. Mitchell wants the place anyhow—for four years. You just keep it.  
W. S. HANCOCK.

President Hayes epitomized the whole case when he said to the South in a speech one night last week:

"You will be treated precisely as the citizens of my own State of Ohio are to be treated. All that we ask of you is that you shall faithfully obey the constitution, as it now is, regarding the new parts as equal parts, and as equally sacred as the old."

One of the English specimens of farcical pomposity recently explained his idea of a "gentleman" to a wealthy resident of New York. Said Englishman was visiting our country, and was staying for a brief period with one of the leading families of the metropolis. One morning at the breakfast table he was interrogated by his host as to what he thought of America and American society so far as he had seen, and he snobbishly replied:

"Well, I like the country all very well, you know, but I don't find any gentlemen here."  
"The host replied, 'Indeed, pray what do you mean by a gentleman?'"  
Englishman—"Well I mean a man that never worked for his living, and whose father or other of his ancestors never worked for living." The New Yorker immediately replied, "Why, yes, we've got plenty of those in New York and all through the country, but we don't call them gentlemen, we call them *tramps*."—*New York Letter*.

The above specimen represents the class of Englishmen that settled the Southern States, and that is responsible for the condition of those States to day. Labor being disreputable in their eyes, African slavery was looked upon with great favor by them, and became a carefully nurtured institution. With the Puritans who settled the North different ideas prevailed. Idleness was their aversion, and positions of honor were given to those who labored. This made slavery unpopular with them, and they eventually set their slaves free or sold them South. From this condition of things two different systems grew up, one in the North, the other in the South, between which there was an irrepressible conflict. From this grew the Kansas-Nebraska troubles, the John Brown raid, secession, the war, and the political murders, bulldozing and Solid South of more recent times. Thus all our troubles can be directly traced to the so-called "gentlemen" of England, "men who never worked for a living, and whose fathers or other ancestors never worked for a living." They mostly belonged to the broken-down nobility that had been impoverished by the frequent civil wars in that country, and who sought the new world in the hope of retrieving their fortunes. Naturally they located in those colonies where fortunes were supposed to be the most easily made, and where slaves, bought at nominal prices, performed all the work. They proved to be the curse of America. It is their descendants who, in the name of Democracy, commit every crime known to politics.

A correspondent says the Republicans of Grimes' school-house precinct, Russell township, did splendid work at the late election. The returns corroborate the statement. He further says that the Nationals of Franklin township are greatly incensed against R. L. Bridges, who after talking for Weaver until the very day of the election, and declaring that he would vote for him whether anybody else did or not, went to the polls and voted the Democratic ticket, and worked for it all day. The Greenbackers, headed by J. A. Williams, have drawn up and signed a series of resolutions denouncing Mr. Bridges in the strongest terms for his course. They say that words are inadequate to express their indignation, and proceed to read him out of the party. He will probably care nothing for that, as he has evidently accomplished all he designed—secured the votes of several Republicans for Weaver while he and his Democratic friends voted for Hancock. The BANNER had frequently warned the public against this sort of thing.

Garfield's plurality in this State is 6,540. Oregon and California are Republican by small majorities.

Mr. Grace, the Democratic candidate for mayor of New York City, was elected by only a few hundred votes, where previously that party had as much as 60,000 majority. John Kelley, the Democratic leader, in a speech made after the election, said Mr. Grace's vote was cut down because he was an Irishman and Catholic. He continued:

I have not the least doubt in the world that the conspiracy formed against Mr. Grace originated with some Democrats in this city. These men it was who aroused the bitter prejudice of Protestants against Mr. Grace, because he was an Irishman and Catholic. They had gone into the public schools and caused the teachers to tell the children that if their fathers, brothers, grandfathers and uncles did not vote against Mr. Grace the public school system would be destroyed. Mr. Kelley particularly denounced ex-Mayor William A. Wickham for the part he had taken against Mr. Grace, and said: "Let it be remembered by the American people that this man Wickham, who was elevated to office by this organization, has resorted to these disgraceful means

to destroy the Democratic party in this country.

This report we clip from the *New York Sun*, which is good Democratic authority. From it the Irish Catholics of Greencastle can see who their enemies are.

Put 'Em Away.

Now at last the fight is ended. Let the land with peace be blest: Let transparencies be rendered. Give the bands a needed rest. Take the names from flags now waving— They have had their little day: Are your uniforms worth saving? Then let them be packed away. Put the drums where none will take 'em. Hide the torch behind the door: See that none can find and break 'em: Trot 'em out in 84.

A gloomy looking individual was sitting in the station last night toasting his heels, when an acquaintance came in and inquired, "Are you a Republican?" "No," responded the other, and after a moment of reflection, "but I'm getting d—d tired of being a Democrat."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Just as they Have Always Done.

The chief duty of republicans now is to behave themselves; to act like patriots, not like statesmen; not like politicians; to show that they are capable of the great trust of guiding the affairs of 50,000,000 of the truest and cleverest people in the world.

NEFF'S  
SHOE STORE.

The following is a list of manufacturers who make Boots and Shoes for

A. J. NEFF:

E. H. Stark & Co., Worcester, Mass.  
Crosby & Rowe, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
Foley & Hoos, Lafayette, Indiana.  
Ide & Wilson, Columbus, Ohio.  
Sanders & Newman, Rochester, N. Y.  
Shirley & Romel, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Robinson & Burtenshaw, Detroit, Mich.  
Pancost, Sage & Morse, Rochester, N. Y.  
Teed & Son, Pontiac, Illinois.  
Cowles, Curtis & Co., Rochester, N. Y.

The Boots & Shoes manufactured by these parties are all solid leather. No shoddy about them. Keep this list and call for these goods. Next door to the

"WHEN"  
Clothing Store.

40-2m

Mrs. Shultz,  
THE POPULAR  
MILLINER

will sell her entire stock of goods at cost, during the next

60 DAYS!

Failing health compels her to retire from business. Her stock is full and complete of all the late Fall and Winter Styles. Call in and secure a bargain of Mrs. M. J. SHULTZ, South west corner square.

Red Front  
MEAT MARKET,

JOHN T. CRAIG, PROPRIETOR  
Main Street, opposite Howe & Vermilion's Store, South Greencastle. Always keeps on hands the choicest

FRESH AND CURED MEATS

and delivers goods free of charge at all hours to any part of the city. Open from 5 to 10 a. m. of Sundays. 10w-45

The Blood is the Life.

LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER  
Is rapidly acquiring a national reputation for the cure of

Scrofula Affection, Cancerous Formation, Erysipelas, Boils, Pimples, Ulcers, Sore Eyes, Scald Head, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Mercurial and all Skin Diseases.

This remedy is a Vegetable Compound, and cannot harm the most tender infant. Ladies who suffer from debilitating diseases and Female Complaints, will find speedy relief by using this remedy.

C. W. LINSOOTT, of Mesopotamia, O., says it cured him of Scrofula of thirty years. Two bottles cured Mrs. E. J. Duke, of Coxfax, Ind., of ulcerated neck and big neck. LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER cured my son of Erysipelas. Mrs. E. S. MELTZER, Larimer Station, Pa. The Blood Searcher is the Safest, Sweetest and Most Powerful Purifier ever known. Price \$1.00 per bottle. R. E. SELLERS & CO., Props., Pittsburgh, Pa.

To Regulate the Liver.

USE ONLY SELLERS' LIVER PILLS, the best and only true LIVER REGULATOR. Established over 50 years. They cure Headache, Biliousness, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Fever and Ague, and all similar diseases like magic. Get the right kind. SELLERS' LIVER PILLS, 25 cts. 1y-41.

MALARIAL  
POISON

The principal cause of nearly all sickness at this time of the year has its origin in a disordered Liver, which, if not regulated in time, suffering, wretchedness and death will ensue. A gentleman, writing from South America, says: "I have used your Simmons' Liver Regulator with good effect, both as a prevention and cure for Malarial Fevers on the Isthmus of Panama."

If you feel drowsy, debilitated, frequent headache, mouth tastes badly, poor appetite and tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver or "biliousness," and nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently as to take

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR

It is given with safety and the happiest results to the feeblest infant. It takes the place of quinine and bitters of every kind. It is the cheapest, purest and best family medicine in the world.

J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.  
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

NOTICE TO PROPERTY HOLDERS.

Public notice is hereby given that on the regular meeting of the Board of county Commissioners of Putnam county, State of Indiana, to be held at the Court House in the city of Greencastle, in said county and State on the first Monday in December 1880, (the 11th of December, 1880), a petition will be presented, said Board of Commissioners, by the Common Council of the city of Greencastle, praying for the annexation to said city of all territory, tracts and parcels included in the following boundaries, to-wit: Beginning at the southeast corner of section twenty-one (21) running east nineteen and eighty-eight hundredths (19.88) more or less to the southeast corner of the south-west quarter of the south-east quarter of said section twenty-one (21) running north along the old corporation line of the city of Greencastle, forty-one and thirty-six hundredths (41.36) chains more or less, to the south line of said quarter section (21) of the north line of the northeast quarter of said section twenty-one (21) at the center of Ross street in said city. Thence west along the said line of said quarter section (21) one hundred and twenty-four hundredths (124.00) more or less to the south line of said quarter section (21) of the north line of the northeast quarter of said section twenty (20) diagonally from the northeast to the southwest to the south line of said section twenty (20). Thence east to the place of beginning, containing in all thirty acres and thirty six hundredths acres (30.60) more or less; all in Township fourteen (14) north range four west in Putnam county State of Indiana.

By order of the common council, of the city of Greencastle, Putnam county State of Indiana, JOHN R. MILLER, Mayor.

WILLIAM MCK. MILLIGAN, City Clerk.

John Merriweather's  
RESTAURANT

—AND—

DINING ROOMS,

South Side of the Square, Opposite

—THE—

COURT HOUSE.

We have refitted and refurbished the room formerly occupied by A. J. Neff's Boot and Shoe store, and are now ready for business. The first floor is used as Confectionery, Lunch counter, and Gent's dining room, capable of seating comfortably 100 persons. On the 2nd floor is

A LADIES' FIRST CLASS

OYSTER PARLOR

Neatly and beautifully furnished; will seat 25 couples. Good order will be preserved. We respectfully ask a continuance of the public patronage. Supper prepared for balls and parties on short notice and at reasonable rates. Finest stock of Confectionery in this city.

3m-45 JOHN MERRYWEATHER.

LUMBER.

Hirt & Barwick

—Have opened a—

LUMBER YARD

Just west of the city limits on the gravel road, where they will be found with a good stock of

LUMBER.

LATH. SHINGLES

&c. &c. &c.

50-1y HIRT & BARWICK.

Leave Orders At

ISAAC & KAHN'S

FOR YOUR

CHOICE MEATS

Of All Kinds.

All orders promptly attended to, and all goods delivered free of charge in any part of the city. Open Sunday morning from 5 to 9 o'clock 32 1f.

Walnut Street House.

Greencastle, Indiana.

This house is situated in the business part of the city and has been thoroughly renovated and refitted by Mr. J. A. Lewis, the lessee, who has made every possible arrangement for the convenience of his guests. Mr. Lewis is an experienced Hotel manager, and his guests guarantee satisfaction to those who favor him with their patronage. 41-1y.

WE HAVE

Enlisted for the War

We have a large and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS.

NOTIONS.

BOOTS, SHOES.

HATS, CAPS.

And a Splendid Stock of

GROCERIES

At this establishment you will find everything usually kept in a first-class store. Having no rents to pay we can afford to sell goods at a smaller margin than any house in the city.

Wa Mean Business!

Browning & Butler

43-3m. Near the South Depot.



# B. F. Hays & Co.

## MERCHANT TAILORS

Ready-Made Clothing  
the CELEBRATED 'STAR SHIRT',  
HATS, TRUNKS, VALISES, UMBRELLAS,  
Neck Wear, Linen and Paper Collars.  
Laundry Agents.

Collars and Cuffs sent every Tuesday and returned on Saturday.  
No. 8 Washington St.  
GREENCASTLE IND

## BARGAINS

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, TRIMMINGS, TABLE  
and TOWEL LINENS, MILLINERY, NOTIONS,  
and LADIES' FANCY and FURNISHING  
GOODS OF ALL KINDS AT

## LANGDON'S FANCY BAZAR.

HOSIERY A SPECIALTY.  
Headquarters for LADIES' KID GLOVES, LACE MITS, &c.  
NEW GOODS AND LOW PRICES.

Everybody invited to call and examine at No. 6, South Side Public Square,  
Greencastle, Indiana. 18-ly D. LANGDON.

### RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Louisville, New Albany & Chicago.

17 P. M. Express. 1:30 P. M.  
20 P. M. Accommodation. 2:15 P. M.

ARRIVALS. 30 A. M.  
New Albany 8:15 A. M.  
Greencastle 8:30 A. M.

GOING WEST. 12:30 P. M.  
Greencastle 1:00 P. M.  
New Albany 1:15 P. M.

Vandalia Time. 1:30 P. M.  
Greencastle 2:00 P. M.  
New Albany 2:15 P. M.

GOING EAST. 2:30 A. M.  
Greencastle 3:00 A. M.  
New Albany 3:15 A. M.

Greencastle Banner.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

Some rich walnut bed room and

carior furniture just received by Kimble

Son. You can make home the best

place on earth by making it cheerful

and attractive by neat furniture and

pleasant pictures. It does not cost much

to have such luxuries by adding these

comforts little at a time.

Lin Hopkins is clerking for Goodbar.

Prof. Ballentine of Bloomington has

spent the week here.

Miss Bessie Johnson, of Chicago, is

visiting the family of Mrs. E. Jackson.

Mrs. Phoebe Mitchell, of Terre Haute,

visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. T.

Kelley.

Dr. Goldsberry returned from An-

napolis a few days since, and is now

permanently located here. He has

come to stay.

The G. A. R. will meet at the hall

Tuesday night, at 7 o'clock. A full

attendance is desired.

The election of Garfield sent wool up

two cents on the pound. Our dealers

were paying 25 cents; now they pay 27

cents.

Black Brothers join Col. Neff in the

effort for a free gravel road to Poland,

and will do their share in building it.

Next!

The eminent comedian, John Dil-

lion, will appear at the Opera House

next Tuesday night in "Electric Light."

It will be a time to laugh and grow fat.

The members of the Presbyterian

church and congregation will be called

upon at the close of public service next

Sunday to consider the question of call-

ing a pastor.

The colored concert to-morrow night

ought to be well patronized. The boys

made a great deal of music during the

campaign and never got a cent for it.

Let them be kindly remembered now.

Mrs. L. W. Joyce arrived from Cin-

cinnati Monday on a visit to her son

Frank. She returns to-day. She and

Dr. Joyce are delighted with their new

home at Cincinnati, and the church and

people among whom they labor.

Prof. Boisen, late of the State Uni-

versity, passed through here Tuesday

on his way to Massachusetts, where he

will accept the position of Professor in

Greek and Latin in Williams College, at

a salary of \$2,200 and house rent.

Because of their zealous work for the

Republican party Black Brothers are

### Asbury University.

Complaint having been made by  
students in East College that they can  
not hear the bell at the close of recita-  
tions, arrangements are being made for  
a code of signals to connect the main  
clock in the assembly room with all  
the rooms in the building, so that all  
shall ring simultaneously.

The lecture course for 1880 consists of  
the following: Laura Dainty, who ap-  
peared at Melharry Hall last night;  
Emory Storrs, in December; Hon. Wm.  
Parsons, in January; J. W. Riley, in  
March, and Prof. David Swing to close  
the course in May. Tickets for the  
course, \$1.50.

Melharry Hall will be occupied by the  
Township Sunday-school convention  
next Sunday afternoon.

Dr. Gobin delivered his first lecture  
Sunday afternoon. He spoke without  
the use of manuscript, consequently his  
delivery was easy and entertaining.

Mrs. Laura Dainty, the reader, en-  
tertained a large audience at Melharry  
Hall last night in her usual elegant and  
captivating manner. She was after-  
ward entertained by the Kappas at the  
residence of C. L. Allison.

North End.

On Friday night the following per-  
sons were installed as officers of the I.  
O. G. T. S. Lodge for the ensuing quarter:  
George W. Moore, W. C. T.; Miss  
Nellie Cutler, W. R. H. S.;  
W. L. H. S.; Edward Ackerman, P. W.  
C.; Mrs. Lou Moore, W. V. T.; Dexter  
Cutler, W. C.; Lin Hopkins, W. S.;  
Miss Maggie Webster, W. D. S.; Miss  
Joanna Snider, W. T.; Smith Smiley, W.  
F. S.; Miss Carrie Williams, W. M.;  
Earl Pitchlynn, W. D. M.; Miss Julia  
Snider, W. I. G.; George Nelson, W. O.  
G. The lodge is in a flourishing con-  
dition; nearly twenty names were pre-  
sented at their last meeting for mem-  
bership.

Ed. Frazier, formerly of this city, but  
now an employe at Burton's restaurant,  
Indianapolis, is visiting his parents here  
this week.

Thomas Hart, one of the leading Irish  
Republicans in this county, says it  
almost makes him "smile" when he  
thinks of the election of Garfield and  
Arthur. How would Tom do for Sher-  
iff next time?

Theophilus Snider, a brakeman on the  
T. W. & W. R. R., but for many years a  
resident of Greencastle, visited his  
parents here Friday.

Miss Ada Mark, who has been visiting  
her parents for the last month in Terre  
Haute, returned to this city Saturday.

Frank Snider, in company with  
Samuel Branson, who left here about one  
month ago for Kansas to seek their for-  
tunes, have been heard from.

Hattie Eckles, after an absence of  
two weeks, has returned home.

Let every young man, as well as the  
old, subscribe for THE DOLLAR BAN-  
NER at once. One dollar, just think of  
it, will pay for THE BANNER for the  
remainder of this year and all of next.  
We think, as does the editor of THE  
BANNER, that Putnam county must be  
redeemed, and THE DOLLAR BANNER  
will help to do it.

August Ikard of Bedford, visited  
friends here this week.

Racer, an engine on the L. N. A. &  
C. R. R., while doing some switching in  
the yards Monday night, ran into a coal  
car and was badly demoralized.

Peter Ryan, who has been visiting at  
New Albany, returned home Saturday.

John Ash, son of Patrick Ash, will  
leave for Indianapolis shortly to attend  
the Business College.

Louis Snider left for Kansas, Monday.

Thos. Branson, of Danville, visited  
his relatives here Monday.

Keeley, a conductor on the L. N. A. &  
C. R. R., struck Mr. Johnson, the agent  
at this place, with a lamp last night,  
cutting an ugly gash over his eye. Some  
words passed between them in Johnson's  
office, but no fight ensued. Johnson  
went out upon the platform to attend to  
some business in the yard, whereupon  
he was met by this man Keeley and  
struck as above mentioned. It is  
thought among the railroad circle here  
that Keeley will be discharged. John-  
son, at this writing, is able to be about.

The directors of the L. N. A. & C.  
passed through here to-day on a special  
train.

Young Republican.

Unclaimed Letters.

Remaining unclaimed for in the Green-

castle, Ind., Postoffice, Oct. 28, 1880:

Albin Jane, Anderson John, Asher Elijah, Blackwell John, Bruce O. B., Bailey Ida, Bauer C. W., Chew Mattie C., Crawley Wesley, Chadd James, Dunn Ely, Ford A. C., Hetter Martha J., Holbert William, Jones K. B. (2), McEvan Elizabeth, McClendon John, Moore E. J., Moore Mrs. Eliza, Monday Farar, McMaine Mattie, Nelson Amanda, Phillips James W., Rake Thomas, Rush Eliza, Spillman Mrs. O. P., Stewart R. R., Smith Richard, Sammons Sarah, Talbott Lizzie, Weston S. C., Wood Joanna, Williams Jesse, White H. C.

Nov. 4.

Geo. J. LANGSDALE, P. M.

Died.

ALLEY.—On Nov. 5th, 1880, in Floyd township,

city of Indianapolis, James S. Alley, aged 41 years.

ALLEY.—On Nov. 2, 1880, in Greencastle town-

ship, child of H. and L. Alley, aged 1 month

and 18 days.

THOMPSON.—On Nov. 4th, 1880, in Cloverdale

township of heart disease, Hugh Thompson,

aged 78 years 8 months and 26 days.

## EVERYTHING

New, Late, and Desirable in

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry

—AND—

Silverware

—AT—

BRATTIN'S

JEWELRY STORE.

Special Attention paid to

REPAIRING.

Brattin can not only Repair a Watch,

but can make a Watch.

### The Voice of the Successful.

My success is owing to liberality in  
advertising.—Banner. The road to for-  
tune is through printer's ink.—P. T.  
Barnum. Success depends upon a lib-  
eral patronage of printing offices.—F. F.  
Astor. Frequent and constant adver-  
tising brought me all I own.—A. T.  
Stewart.

### Real Estate Transfers.

William F. Darnall to Talbott Suther-

lin, 20 acres in Franklin tp., \$800.

Levi M. Darnall to Talbott Sutherlin,

20 acres in Franklin tp., \$800.

James Lafolette to Talbott Sutherlin,

40 acres in Franklin tp., \$1,800.

George W. Hughes to Isaac Sinclair,

92 acres in Cloverdale tp., \$3,000.

Andrew M. Lockridge to Alex. H.

Lockridge, 1 acre in Greencastle, \$1,900.

### Religious Services next Sunday.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Prof. H. A. Go-

lin of Indiana Asbury University will preach at

10:30 o'clock A. M.

### Colored concert at Republican Hall

to-morrow night, and oyster supper Sat-

urday night to liquidate the debt incurred

by the Colored Republican Club in the

late election. Admission to concert, 25

cents. I hope all Republicans will at-

tend.

J. F. DARNALL,

Chairman, R. C. C.

### See the Cheap Towels and Nap-

kins just opened at Talbott's corner

store.

2w-46.

### Since the reduction of the BAN-

NER to \$1 a year, we do not give the

Horse Book as a premium; but will fur-

nish it to all who may call at 25 cts. If

only 1,000 yards left of those cheap

Canton Flannels. Don't wait until

they are all sold and then cry for them.

2w-46.

C. W. TALBOTT.

### Don't fail to call at J. D. Steven-

son & Son and see their large line of

Cook and Heating Stoves.

46-2w.

### Old Gold, Black, Brown, Scarlet,

Cardinal, drab Canton Flannels for drap-

eries just opened at C. W. Talbott's.

46-2w.

### Prize Acorn, Finest Wood Stove

in the world, at J. D. Stevenson & Son.

46-2w.

### Go to Stevenson & Son and see the

New Crown Jewet Hard Coal Base

Burner.

### Burnett sells the best and finest

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes

ever brought to this city, and at prices

that defy competition. Go, then and

buy. Opera House building.

5443.

## WE WISH TO CALL

Special attention of every purchaser of clothing in the State  
of Indiana. We are receiving daily direct from our  
factory thousands of dollars worth of

## CLOTHING

—CONTAINING EVERYTHING IN—

Stripes, Plaids, Checks, Cassimere Suits,

Together with the Largest Stock of

## ULSTERS

—AND—

## OVERCOATS

That can be found in any house in the County. We have also

a very extensive stock of

## BOYS' and CHILDREN'S ULSTERS

—AND—

## Overcoats

In almost all goods, and at prices that MUST be seen  
to be appreciated.

When Clothing Store,  
OWEN, PIXLEY & CO.

45-

### Cheap Dry Goods, A. Dickson &

Co., "Trade Palace," Indianapolis, will

from this date offer special bargains in

Winter Dry Goods of all kinds in order

to reduce their large stock. Every per-

son going to Indianapolis should ex-

amine their stock before making their

purchases.

2w-46.

### The stockholders and all others

interested in the Brick Chapel Fair will

meet in Bainbridge, Saturday, Novem-

ber 20th, at 9 A. M. A full attendance

is desired, as business of vital inter-

est to our fair will be discussed at that

time.

J. B. FOSHER, Secretary.

### You can get Harper's Magazine,

Weekly Bazar, or Young People, at club

rates, by calling upon J. A. Crose at

First National Bank.

### The People are just finding out

that Talbott's corner store is the best

place in the city to buy their Dry Goods.

2w-46.

### Ho! Everybody!

Buy your Boots, Shoes and Rubbers

of W. G. Burnett. He has the largest

and best stock in the city, and sells at

bottom figures.

4443.

### Burnett keeps all the best makes

of Men's, Boys', and Youths' Boots.

Don't fail to examine his stock before

purchasing.

4443.

### Now Is The Time.

Don't wait until you are nearly dead

and bed-ridden. Don't wait until you

have found, to your sorrow, that min-  
eral poisons and alcoholic stimulants, bit-

ters, etc., will only aggravate diseases of  
the blood, kidneys and liver. But now,

before another day passes, make haste  
to procure and use Dr. Guy's Yellow

Doct and Sarsaparilla. It never fails  
to cure all blood and skin diseases, all

liver complaints and urinary troubles.

8-ly

### Wanted—Wagon Spoke Tim-

ber.

We want 600,000 White Oak Spokes,

cut 28 inches long, 2 inches thick on

heart edge and 3 inches wide. Must be

good tough timber, straight, free from

knots or wormholes, the sap to be taken

off. 400,000 Shell Bark and Black

Hickory Spokes, cut 28 inches long, 12

inches thick on heart edge and 24 inches

wide. Must be good, tough, sound tim-

ber, free from knots or wormholes or

black places (the bark, not sap, taken

off) for which we will pay the highest

market price, to be delivered at our fac-



# THE BANNER.

J. LANGSDALE, Publisher

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA

The Wash system now includes 2,477 miles.

A CINCINNATI firm controls the telephone business of Scotland.

The statisticians say that \$18,000,000 are now invested in silk manufacture in this country.

We shall not be troubled with any more majority elections in Maine. Hereafter a plurality will elect in all elections in that State.

The duty on Mile Bernhard's wardrobe has been paid. It amounted to \$4,800. Her dresses cost \$3,000, and the duty was 60 per cent, ad valorem. Now let us have peace.

GEORGE F. SLOTON, the billiardist, sailed for Paris, to engage in a match with Vignaux at the "champion's" game, 4,000 points, five nights, \$1,000 a side, American table, these terms having been accepted by the Frenchman.

CHARLES F. and Roman S. Drummond, of Oaktown, Knox county have filed a suit contesting the will of their late father, Charles E. Drummond, who died February 24, 1880. Deceased left a considerable amount of property to a dashing young widow, who has since married.

The new wife of the czar is a young sister of General Albedynski, Governor of Warsaw. The Emperor, Peter II, who was then only fifteen years old, was betrothed to Princess Dolgorouki. He died a few months later, and the Princess was then banished to Siberia; she was, however, afterward pardoned. The Dolgoroukis are a very numerous, and, it may be added, a very ancient family, since they trace their descent from the archangel Michael.

FRANK BURY was robbed and hanged by some Chinamen, several years ago, near Gold Hill, Nevada. Soon after he met one of the rascals and killed him. A clever and plucky use of his own knife had severed the rope in time. A later exploit increased his reputation on the Pacific coast. He froze the fingers of one hand, and a physician told him they would have to be amputated, at a cost of \$100. He decided to save the money by doing the job himself. He fastened one blade of a pair of sheepshears in a vice, stuck in his hand, and struck the other blade a hard blow with a sledge. These episodes in his history are culled from his obituary, for he has just been killed in a bar-room row.

SAMUEL H. EVERETT is running for the assembly in Putnam county, N. Y. During a discussion of the probability of his election, a man said: "Come, now; 'I'll bet my watch against yours.' Mr. Everett pulled out an old fashioned, flat, well-worn time-piece, and replied: "Oh, no; even if I was a betting man I wouldn't make a stake of that watch." The reason was peculiar. Thirteen years ago he had not a dollar in the world. He pawned that watch, and with the money started a little ten-cent eating house on the west side of New York. He soon redeemed it, and went on building up what is now said to be the largest restaurant business in the country. He is the wealthiest man in Putnam county, and enjoys carrying his entire original capital in his vest pocket.

The Senate of the United States now stands forty-two Democrats and thirty-three Republicans, with one vacancy in Arkansas that will be filled by a Democrat. The Republicans will elect one in Connecticut in place of Eaton, one in Indiana in place of McDonald, one in New York in place of Kernan, one in Ohio in place of Thurman, and one in Pennsylvania in place of Wallace. The Democrats will elect one in Mississippi in place of Bruce, which will give the Republicans thirty-eight and the Democrats thirty-eight, with the casting vote in the hands of a Republican Vice President. The probabilities are that the Republicans will elect one in Tennessee in place of Bailey, and one in New Jersey in place of Randolph. This will bring the Republican strength to forty, and reduce the Democratic to thirty-six.

The Colorado Indians are causing trouble again.

SAMUEL L. LAWTON, Treasurer of Delevan, Ill., has disappeared.

At noon, Thursday, thirteen men were precipitated into a shaft and killed at Brussels.

OVER \$2,000,000 were realized by the parties interested in the recent "Armour pork deal."

MRS. SPRAGUE has retained a Brooklyn lawyer to bring suit for divorce against her husband.

LEON BONIFACE killed his wife in a San Francisco house of ill-repute and then committed suicide.

ROBERT RANSOM fatally stabbed his wife, Ellen Ransom, at her home near Nashville, Tenn., Thursday.

The Turkish Government has appointed a censor of telegrams, and refuses to pass cipher dispatches.

FREDERICK KETTER, the Iroquois county wife-murderer, has been sentenced to be hanged January 21st, 1880.

MR. PARNELL is reported to have threatened to throw the British secret agents into the river if they visit his house.

COUNT PRONZ, etc., Von Reklor, who stole some saws in Fort Wayne, has been sentenced to one year in the Penitentiary.

A LUNATIC named John Gear de-

mauded admission to the White House Thursday, claiming to be the President elect.

A. J. BINGLEY, a well known young man of Montreal, was discovered to be a bigamist, and fled to the United States.

JOHN PRIDE, of Columbus, Ga., knocked down William Ingram in a saloon and stamped upon him, causing fatal injuries.

CHARLES DUDDEON, a magistrate, and a Mr. Long, the former of Leicester, and the latter of County Clare, were attacked by Land Leaguers, Thursday.

AN accident occurred on the New York Central Railroad, near Batavia, late the other night, by which three engines and ninety cars were wrecked. No one injured.

THE jury in the case of the state against John McFee charged with the murder of Dan Thomas, (colored) at Charlottesville some months since, returned a verdict of "not guilty."

JAMES T. DAY, of Jonesville, Bartholomew county, recently fell heir to a large amount of money by the death of a relative in Philadelphia. Some two weeks ago he started after it, and just as his protracted absence was beginning to cause great uneasiness, a letter was received from Philadelphia stating that Day had mysteriously disappeared, and asking if he had reached home. His family were almost crazed, thinking he had been murdered, but he has just put in an appearance, but without any money. His story is that he drew the money (\$33,500), and while on his way to deposit it in bank he was arrested by some men, who pretended to be officers, and imprisoned three days, during which time all his money was taken, not leaving him enough to bring him home.

## Gorgeous Gluttony.

One of the oddest calculations ever made was that of Sover with regard to the amount of food an epicure consumes in his lifetime. In the first place, he estimated on the basis of so many ounces, or rather pounds, a day, secured by careful observation and computation, that a healthy man with the appetite of a bon vivant consumes in sixty years' indulgence thirty-three and three-quarters tons of meat, vegetables and the rest. Dividing these up into the various characters of aliment his experience taught him men preferred in their proper proportions, he secured this result: 20 oxen, 200 sheep, 100 calves, 200 lambs, and 50 pigs constituted the herds slaughtered for his benefit; 1,200 fowls, 300 turkeys, 150 geese, 400 ducks, 233 pigeons, 1,400 partridges, 600 woodcocks and snipes, 600 wild ducks, 450 plovers, 120 guinea fowls, 10 peacocks, 360 large wild, and 800 quails and other small birds, native and foreign, were spitted at his command. The game consisted of 500 hares and rabbits, and 40 deer. In the way of fish, figure 120 turbot, 140 salmon, 120 cod, 260 trout, 400 mackerel, 300 whiting, 800 soles, 400 flounders, 400 red mullet, 200 eels, 150 haddock, 400 herrings, 5,000 smelts, and some hundred thousand or so of whitebait, not to mention a few hundred species of fresh water fish. The shell fish consisted of 20 turtles, 30,000 oysters, 1,500 lobsters or crabs and 300,000 prawns, shrimps, sardines, and anchovies. In the way of fruit occurs about 500 pounds of grapes, 360 pounds of pine-apples, 600 peaches, 1,400 apricots, 240 melons and some 100,000 plums and other fruits, together with some millions of cherries, strawberries and the like. The vegetable list he estimated at 5,475 pounds of butter at 2.434 and the cheese at 684; 2,000 eggs of chickens and 100 of plover, 4 tons of bread, half a ton of salt and pepper and 24 tons of sugar furnished the "fixings."

These gorges, according to the mathematical caterer, are washed down with sufficient liquids, some 11,073 gallons (Soyer is very particular about fractions) in all, to float a ship freighted with them. A portion of the components of this fluid glutony is 49 hogsheds of wine, 1,364 gallons of beer, 584 of spirits, 342 of liquors and only 2,730 of water. A proper pendant to Sover's calculation is the description given in the Gentlemen's Magazine of the bowl purchased by Captain-General Russell, Charles H.'s Commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean in 1798. A fountain in the noble commander's headquarters garden was emptied and swabbed out; a canopy was spread over it to keep the rain off if there was any; then four hogsheds of brandy, twenty gallons of lime-juice and a pipe of Malaga was dumped into the bowl, along with 25,000 lemons, 1,300 pounds of sugar, 5 pounds of grated nutmegs and 300 toasted biskuits. One of the ship's boys, in a little boat built for the purpose, rowed around the fountain, filling the cups of the six thousand guests who sat down to the collation in the garden. The fumes of the colossal punch made him giddy, and he fell into the basin, but was luckily fished out before he was literally "drowned in milk."

## Queer Weddings.

New York Times.

Very recent volumes of court reports bring new and curious illustrations of the want of some uniform rule throughout the States as to what shall be a valid marriage ceremony. In Worcester, Mass., a couple assumed to marry themselves after the fashion of "Friends." The ceremony occurred at the close of a public religious meeting. The preacher came down from the pulpit and took his stand in front of the pews. The lady came forward from her seat and stood by his side. They joined hands and declared that they took each other for wife and for husband, respectively. The bridegroom then offered prayer. Both intended a lawful wedding. Much less than this has been, in New York, declared a perfect marriage. But when this couple were prosecuted for living together without having been married, the Supreme Court said that, though they might be excused for the past in view of their ignorance and good in-

tention, yet they were mistaken in supposing that their ceremony had any validity. There is a special exception in case of persons conscientiously belonging to the Society of Friends; but all other persons must, in Massachusetts, be married by a minister or a magistrate.

A story from West Virginia shows justice burlesqued: yet the decision was probably unavoidable under the confused laws of the time. A scamp was placed upon trial for having married Clara in West Virginia, while Fannie, whom he had not long before married in Wisconsin, was still living and undivorced. The two marriages were proved easily enough, but defendant's counsel then offered to show that about a year and a half before the man's marriage to Fannie he had, in Ohio, married Sarah, who was still living, when he afterward married Fannie, but who, as soon as she heard of this marriage, procured a divorce. The lawyer argued that his client was never lawfully married to Fannie, on account of the previous marriage with Sarah, and that Sarah's divorce set him at liberty to marry Clara, as far as Sarah was concerned. And the court decided that the defense was good. True, the marriage with Fannie was a bigamy; but the court of West Virginia could not take any notice of that, because it had occurred in Wisconsin. Besides it was not the offense charged in the indictment, and the statute of limitation had run, and the like. Upon these casuities like these Lathario was affrighted.

Tennessee supplies a new instance of the difficulty respecting "mixed marriages." Every one knows that several of the States have explicitly forbidden these; in a few others they are distinctly permitted. There is no great difficulty in applying either law when only one State is involved. But in the Tennessee case—and the same thing has occurred in one or two previous instances—a white person and a negro were wedded in a State where such intermarriage was allowed, but afterward removed to Tennessee, where the law sternly forbids it. The courts have a maxim that a marriage valid in the State where it is made must be sustained everywhere. But the Tennessee court refused to follow this rule. It said it applies only when the question is upon the regularity of the ceremony. It does not oblige the State to tolerate marriages between persons whom its laws forbid to espouse each other in any manner. The Supreme Court at Washington is understood to have a case on its docket involving much the same question. And a very vexatious and perplexing question it is.

## Was Joan of Arc Burnt at the Stake.

The Mayor of Compiegne is quite a genius in his way. He knew that the prevailing notion was to secularize everything, and consequently he invented a Republican manifestation in honor of Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, who defended Compiegne against the English and Burgundians in 1480, and was betrayed into the hands of John of Luxembourg, who surrendered her to the Englishmen who burnt her at the stake in the market place of Rouen. The ruins of the Maiden's Tower show where the Pleading archer pulled the unfortunate Joan from her war-horse, and when those who are fond of going back to the history of other days think of the legend, and then think of that horrible statue of the Maid of Orleans in Paris, they must deplore the fact that the man of Pleading left no descendant who would volunteer to come forward and unhorse the figure which surmounts the pedestal.

M. Charles Monselet has thrown some doubt on the legend of Joan of Arc having been burnt by the English. He quotes a paragraph from the Mercure of 1688 announcing that certain documents recently discovered led to the conclusion that Joan of Arc had been married, and that consequently, some unfortunate victim must have been sacrificed in her place at Rouen. The documents consisted of an attestation made by Father Vignier, who said, "Five years after the judgment of Joan of Arc, on the 20th day of May, Joan, the Maid, visited Metz. On the same day her brothers called to see her. They thought she had been burnt, but when they saw her they recognized her at once. They took her with them to Boqueolon. Whereon a yeoman named Nicolle gave her a horse, and two other persons contributed a sword and a plumed hat, and the said Maid sprung very cleverly on the said horse, saying a multitude of things to the yeoman Nicolle."

The old priest wrote this history with his own hand, and made oath as to its sincerity before a public notary, adding as a proof of what he had advanced a copy of the original contract of marriage between "Robert des Armoises and Joan of Arc," otherwise known as the Maid of Orleans. Compiegne has treasured up a faithful souvenir of the heroine, and about fifteen years ago a subscription was opened to enable the town to erect a statue to her memory. The idea was started by a rather unpopular person, and was soon allowed to drop. The present Mayor again took up the matter, and with the aid of the municipality has at length succeeded in giving the town a statue of the Maid, whose words "J'ai vu me bons amis de Compiegne," have been cut in the pedestal.

## Blown From His Saddle.

Napa (Cal.) Register. Jack Gridley and son, Alexander Gridley, and two brothers, lately from the East, and John Karcher went up the valley on a hunting expedition a few days ago, and while in one of the deep canyons east of Callistoga, met with an exciting and disastrous experience. The members of the party were all on horseback, when a terrific whirlwind, sweeping down the canon, unhorsed Abram Gridley, a man weighing about one hundred and ninety pounds, and carried him about twenty or thirty feet upon the large rocks and boulders. He was insensible for half an hour, having sustained severe injuries. Several of the party while in the saddle were blown from their horses twenty-five feet or more, and the boy was struck on the head with a large stone. The party returned to Napa last evening by rail, as the injured man could not be brought down in a wagon.

New York, November 4.—The examination of Kenward Philp, charged with maliciously libeling General Garfield, was renewed this morning before Judge Noah Davis, in the presence of a large throng of spectators. Philp was in court, but after a short talk with his counsel, picked up his hat and left. Joseph Hart, publisher of the Truth, was called for the defense and testified: "The Morey letter which you hand me, I first saw on October 18th; received that letter through the mail. I had received many letters with political cards in them. I was about to destroy this one. There were two letters in the envelope and a card which was nearly the cause of my destroying them all. I thought the letter was a peculiar one. Mr. Louis I. Post, Mr. Hancock, of the Truth office, Mr. Vermer and myself, examined it next day. We subjected it to a microscopical examination, but, not feeling prepared to publish it without having declared it genuine, we notified the National Democratic Committee, and Mr. Randall, Mr. Barnum and others examined it, and we then published it. Mr. Philp never saw the letter until it appeared in fac-simile. He knew there was a letter, but did not know what it was."

Cross-examined—I have been publisher of Truth since July last. After showing the letter to Speaker Randall, Abram S. Hewitt, Mr. Scott, Mayor Cooper and others, it was returned to me. Mr. Hewitt examined it for half an hour before pronouncing it genuine. This was about one o'clock, October 21st. I do not remember showing it to any one after that until it was produced in court by me. Of course Mr. Sarony, photographer, had it too. In company with Mr. Smalley I went to Sarony's and remained by the letter while the photographic work was being done. I then returned to the Truth office and Mr. Post took it to have a fac simile made. Five minutes after John L. Davenport's visit to my office I sent the letter by a roundabout way to my sister, who was at my house. She was in Brooklyn on the day it was delivered here. I went to Brooklyn on the day I was ordered to produce it, but did not see my sister there. I sent the messenger for it to my house. I gave him a note for it, and gave verbal expressions. Four different people thought that day they were carrying that letter. I gave no orders concerning the envelope. I used the envelope as a guard against my being arrested that night. My sister did not give the envelope to the messenger. I reiterate that I heard that an indictment was to be sprung on me. When Davenport called on me I did not tell him that I had great trouble to get Mr. Hewitt to declare the letter genuine. I told him that I thought it was a forgery he would do so. Hewitt told me twenty times it was genuine. Have not sent to Lynn to find Goodall, nor have I received any communication from him. Our man in Lynn tried to discover if letters testamentary had been granted to Goodall, but he was not there for that purpose particularly. The Sun photograph is the only one I received. The evening before its publication I saw Mr. Hewitt, and he assured me the letter was genuine.

## Barnum's Cry of Fraud.

New York, November 6.—Mr. Barnum having set the fraud machine in motion again, it was the subject of general ridicule in political circles. While invisible himself to the reporters in his fittings back and forth between this city and Connecticut, the effect of his work was evident. Among Democrats of this city a general cry of fraud was set up, and for a time it seemed that even the fight between the would-be Democratic "bosses" might be temporarily suspended in order that all might join in the fraud chorus. The Democratic State Committee was used by Mr. Barnum to sound the alarm through the State, and the meeting of the National Executive Committee has been called for Monday, when its feeble voice will be added to the cry. Tammany, however, was the first in the field and Mr. Kelly had a committee appointed to investigate the matter. This committee had a meeting to-night for temporary organization, and when the members got together their faces wore a broad grin as if they were engaged in perpetrating a huge joke. "Is Kelly joking?" said one. This seemed to be the general opinion outside of the immediate circle of Democratic leaders. The fact that Tammany had entered the field to investigate fraud in the ballot box was regarded by the Republicans as almost too good a joke to be true. "It will cause Tweed to turn over in his coffin," said a well known Republican. If Kelly only investigates deeply enough," said another, "he will find that Dowd has been cheated out of his election by such methods and frauds as only skilled Tammany leaders can successfully practice under our election laws." This latter opinion was expressed by a good many Republicans who are not yet prepared to believe that Grace has been legally elected Mayor of New York. It was generally conceded by intelligent men that Barnum and Kelly had both set up the fraud cry for personal reasons. Barnum wanted to divert attention from his campaign of "fraud, forgery and theft," while Kelly tried to escape responsibility for the nomination of a bad candidate for Mayor, and the consequent reduced majority for Hancock in the city. It was not believed that any attempt would be made to carry the matter before Congress. Republicans say that the Democrats had been so accustomed to carry New York by illegal means that they are not prepared to accept the results of the honest contest. They have profited by Republican delusions, by "deals" which failed to bring out the full Republican vote, and by the possession of election machinery. This year a straight Republican ticket was nominated and the party worked unitedly for its success. The election machinery was divided so as to make it difficult for the Democrats to commit fraud. The police, fire and other city departments have heretofore been used unscrupulously by Democrats to influence votes. This year such means could not be used to any advantage because of the firm stand taken by the Republican Commissioners. Commissioner Smith attempted to use the Police Department, but in that he was

foiled, and now Kelly is threatening vengeance on Superintendent Walling. This is said to be the first time in which Tammany Hall has not profited by the aid of the Police Department. Republicans admit that Mayor Cooper did not attempt in any undue way to use his office to aid his party, as has been done in other years. All these things have tended for the first time to bring out the full Republican strength in this city in support of party candidates, and the result is so astonishing to honest Democrats that the "Bosses" yell "fraud!" with the purpose of covering up their past practices.

## Attempted Murder.

New York, November 8.—Thomas Stanton, who shot four times yesterday at Sister Gertrude Varina, says he knew her by sight; that he saw her go in and out of the house; he had no intention of killing the woman; only wanted to frighten her. When asked: "Why did you shoot her?" He answered: "It was the witches. They have been bothering me for four years. I can't see them, but I hear them talking to me continually. They have told me that Sisters of Charity are continually following me about and talking to me. I went to Ireland to get rid of them, but it did no good. I came again to this country. The thing had to be ended some time or other." Stanton supposed Sister Varina to be a Catholic, like himself, but when told that she was a Protestant nun, he remarked that it made no difference, his instructions were to kill her all the same. Sister Varina is suffering greatly from her four wounds, but it is hoped none of them will prove fatal. Stanton is held to await the result.

## Horrible Tragedy.

Batesville, O., November 8.—A horrible tragedy became known here yesterday morning. Frank M. Bidenaugh, a wealthy young German, who three years ago married the daughter of a neighboring farmer, came home last Saturday night intoxicated, and entering the room where his wife and child slept, assaulted them with an axe. His wife's skull was crushed by a single blow, and then his son's throat cut by the edge of the axe. He then went to a room where Mrs. Stephens, a visitor, and her child and servant girl were sleeping, and killed Mrs. Stephens and child. The servant girl, awakened, sprang toward the door, but was knocked senseless and left for dead. Upon recovering consciousness she gave the alarm and the neighbors came. It was not till morning that the murderer was found hidden in a tobacco house with his throat cut, not fatally. Jealousy, insanity and drunkenness are the theories advanced to account for the horrible crime.

## New York, California and Oregon.

New York, November 8.—Returns from all the counties, official and reported, give Garfield 21,536 majority. Latest dispatches from San Francisco to-day report that the official canvass will be made by the County Boards to-morrow, and the result in California will then be definitely known in a day or two. It is estimated on the basis of what are deemed full returns that Garfield will have about 150 majority.

Oregon has gone for Garfield by about 600 majority. This seems finally settled.

Portland, Oregon, November 8.—All the counties in the State, except Grant and Curry have been heard from. Nearly all are official. They give Garfield 577 majority. The two counties to hear from will probably increase Garfield's majority to 600.

## Tennessee.

Memphis, November 8.—Some excitement prevades in political circles over the discovery that Robert McKenna, one of the ten Republicans elected to the legislature from this county, is ineligible, having been convicted of incest for marrying his wife's grand-daughter. McKenna was pardoned by Governor John C. Brown four years ago, but has never applied to be restored to the rights of citizenship, and is, therefore, disqualified from holding office. The certificate of office will be given to W. B. Winston, Democrat, who received the next highest vote. This change may possibly determine the election of United States Senator, as the complexion of the legislature is very close.

## The True Inwardness of Indiana Democracy.

Speech of Hon. E. T. Johnson at Castleton.

—We are now building a new State House, it is a magnificent edifice, worthy of Indiana. On the 26th of last month, in the presence of 10,000 spectators, and with appropriate and imposing ceremonies, the corner-stone of the State House was formally laid. The orator of the occasion was ex-Governor Hendricks, the most distinguished Democratic statesman of the West. His oration was scholarly and able effort. As an appropriate introduction of the new building, he recited the history of the old edifice which it replaces. The history of the old State House was simply a history of the State. Standing as it were in the portico of the old State House, the orator marshaled before him, and passed in review, all the leading events in the history of Indiana from her admission to the Union to the present time. By one her great historical periods, summoned back the past, were dwelt upon with glowing pride, and passed along, retouched and glorified by the benediction of a matchless eloquence. For what it contained it was a splendid recital. But for what it omitted, it was next to a crime; for its magnificent numbers ended without a single mention of Indiana's heroic part in the great war by which the Rebellion was conquered and the Union saved. The fame and heroism of the soldiers, the great part borne by the State in the war of the Union, and even the mighty epoch of the war itself, were all forgotten, or deliberately ignored. Silence like that speaks louder than words. Its bodiless import is that, if committed to the keeping of Hendricks and his party, the whole heroic epoch of the war, with all its achievements, its

memories and its glory, would be buried in eternal silence and oblivion. But the corner-stone itself is as silent as the oration. The benevolent societies, the military companies and all the public associations were, by official edict, sternly excluded from participating in the ceremonies. With what now seems like malicious premeditation, the honors were all appropriated by the State officers, and the stone was laid by the unassisted hands of the Democratic State Government. Within its sealed chamber they deposited a copy of the oration, a programme of the ceremonies, a copper plate containing their own names and the offices they held, and among them all—I wept when I read the list—there is not one single memento of the war. The slow centuries will follow each other down the highway of time; we and our children will pass away, and many succeeding generations will rise and return to dust, and away in the distant coming time, amid the splendor of a future glory which we can but now faintly imagine, the mouldering ruin, which is now the New State House, will be removed by the descendants of the soldiers to make room for a noble pile. With eager hands the ancient stone will be unsealed. What bitter, ghastly disappointment will follow his worthless revelations! What a triviality will seem the programme of the ceremonies! What a deformity the oration! The united and indignant voice of that future age will proclaim: "The men who laid that stone were not worthy to have lived among our heroic fathers; they partook not of the martial spirit of that great age; they bore no love for their country or its defenders; they are sequestered forever from the respect of their descendants."

Had the corner-stone been laid by Governor Porter it would have contained a golden casket, filled with silver tablets, inscribed with Indiana's roll of honor—the names and deeds of all our noble dead. But there it stands, silent as the tomb—its very silence destined to proclaim to future ages, more eloquently than words could do, that the men and the party by whom it was laid hated the soldiers and their great achievements, hated the war and its mighty results, hated the Government and its institutions.

I wish I could pause here, but I cannot. Governor Hendricks was not content with silence. Impelled by a singular fatality, he attempted to dwarf the military fame and glory of the State by giving another historical event, comparatively insignificant, an abnormal prominence and importance. Early in his history the State attempted a vast system of internal improvements. The project failed and the State was burdened by a debt which she could not meet. In the winter of 1846-7, under the administration of Governor Whitcomb, a compromise was effected and adopted by Legislative enactment. Referring to this enactment, Governor Hendricks said: "In the crisis of her affairs it was the good fortune of Indiana that her Governor was a man of rare endowments and of the highest learning. He was a statesman. He led the people and the Legislature, and was met by the public creditors in the spirit of liberality. The result was the compromise and adjustment of 1846-7. Indiana's debt was settled and her honor preserved. The debt is now all paid. And that was the best work in the old State House."

I think not. I think not. That compromise was a good thing, but not the best. One hundred and fifty-four regiments of Indiana soldiers were organized, and their muster-rolls were made out and kept in that old State House. Five thousand gallant officers received their commission, in that old State House. The great arsenal which furnished our soldiers with fifty million rounds of ammunition was organized in that old State House. The sanitary commission, the soldiers' aid and relief societies, which furnished the hospitals and supplied the nourishment, the medicines, the lint and the bandages for the relief of our sick and wounded soldiers, all originated in that old State House. It was in the yard of that dear old building that the soldiers, on their departure, bid their friends a last adieu, and it was there that they received the first greetings of welcome on their return. It was there that two hundred stainless banners were first given to the breeze, and there at last that two hundred shot-torn battle-flags were furled and put away.

I am sorry ex-Governor Hendricks spoke those words. I cannot but regard them as invidious and malignant. They shocked and staggered me. But how memory resents the wrong! The scenes of those grand old years, as vivid as when they were enacted, come crowding back to my mind. I stand again among the colonnades of the old State House. I hear again the roll of the martial music, the tramping of horses, the shouting of the men, the gathering of the armies. I hear again from the lips of Grant the calm but dread command, "column forward!" I see the Indiana column firm in its place, moving forward, steady, majestic, terrible. I witness again the dreadful encounter. I see the flag amid the smoke, and I hear the earth-shaking sound of the battle. And now I hear the tremendous shout of victory. Thank God, the Union is saved! Four millions of slaves are liberated! Free Government is forever established, and the world at last is free! And now "the troops come marching home again with glad and gallant tread." I stand again on the steps of the old State House, and as they come I listen to the final roll-call of the regiments. Of the two hundred thousand who went forth to battle, thirty thousand fail to answer when their names are called. To each of these thirty thousand names there is no response save the muffled tap of the funeral drum. They are dead. They died for us. They died for Hendricks and Williams, too. God pity the men who could forget the sacrifice. But the glory of the dead heroes is secure without one word from them.

"On fame's eternal camping ground Their silent tents are spread, And Glory guards with ceaseless round The bivouac of the dead." Equally secure is the glory of the living volunteers. It is one common heritage, not to be hurt by the neglect, nor tarnished by the contemplative silence of its foes. It will live forever. It is enshrined in the corner-stone, but it is written on the most resplendent pages of our annals, and is safe in the great heart of humanity. And over it all, like a splendid monument, the fame of Morton rises immortal.



## INVISIBLE HANDS.

The Queer Experience of an Idle—Authentic Letters From the Unknown World—Signatures that would Puzzle Bank Clerk Writers Themselves.

San Francisco Chronicle

The curious range of phenomena known as spiritual manifestations have for a long time puzzled the thinking world. Many an investigator who has fairly tested them has become wisely or not, a believer in the religion. Few if any, who have witnessed them in all their variety and different stages have escaped the conviction that there is something in them beyond human ken, and inexplicable by any of the deductions or laws of force that science has yet given to the world. Such an individual is at present attached to the Chronicle staff, and yesterday accorded a sitting with Mrs. E. W. Lennatt, a medium, residing at 17 Bush street. To fill an idle hour the other day he visited the house. He had never seen a spirit or been, epistolarily or otherwise, on terms of intimacy with any one. He had no friends in the spirit land that he knew of, none of his relatives having left him anything but advice, which, though good as gold, did not produce the same amount of interest. He

### DID NOT LIKE THE IDEA

of spirits very well, outside of those which are materialized from corn and wheat, and subject to revenue duty, after which they appear, like their ultra-terrestrial congeners, in cabinets. In short, he was skeptical, to the last degree, but, as will be seen, he proved no match for the lady, backed up by her spiritual cohorts. After operating on the door bell the door swung suddenly open, not by spiritual but by Chinese agency and the visitor was ushered into a richly-furnished parlor. A view of the apartment, and a partial perusal of a German court novel, was interrupted ten minutes afterward by the faint rustle of silk on the stairway, and an apparition appeared in the doorway leading to the drawing-room beyond. It was tall, handsome and dignified, and apparently of the gentler sex, as it was arrayed in a fashionably-made black silk. It had a pleasant smile and the visitor was making up his mind that if a spirit it was a very agreeably appearing one, when it introduced itself as Mrs. Lennatt, the medium, and turned out to be as quiet and pleasingly intellectual in conversation as its appearance had foretold.

### THE LADY

conducted her visitor to an old-fashioned mahogany table in the center of the apartment, which measurements and a thorough examination showed to be free from paraphernalia of any kind. A thin light cloth covered it and depended about the four sides. A music box adorned the table with four slates. The duet took seats and the trouble began at once. A rousing thump struck the top of the music-box. Then several more followed.

"Are you there?" asked Mrs. Lennatt. Three unmistakable assertions replied.

"If so, knock on the slates." The knocking was transferred to the slates, which thumped and rattled in a ghostly tattoo.

"Knock on the other table." The knocks immediately sounded on another bare table several feet away.

The visitor's hair had lost every vestige of a beautiful natural curl, and was standing straight on end.

"Open the door." The hall door was shut, but not latched. The knocking was transferred to it. It opened a little way; then further; then slowly widened the gap to half way.

The visitor stepped quickly out to find the China boy, but he was nowhere to be seen. He looked for wires but there were none. Then he stood by

THE DOOR

While the obliging spirits, if spirits they were, slowly closed it. The visitor did not want any more. He had an engagement, very important, at the south-east corner of Kearney and Montgomery streets, but the lady insisted on his seeing the slate-writing.

The slates were of the common kind used in schools. They were clean and no writing was on the surface. The visitor was not satisfied, however, and borrowing a sponge which lay on the table washed them thoroughly, first with ammonia and then with weak acid which he had brought. When they were in a spiritual state of purity the lady said:

"If you are ready write the name of some deceased relative or friend on it without showing it to me."

He did so. Wrote the name, rubbed it out, and then washed it out, rather disturbed by a new series of knocks, which came the moment he had written the name, and continued for some time.

Then the lady handed him another slate and a fragment of slate-pencil. By her direction he held it under the table, she sitting a few feet away. In a moment the scurrying sound of a pencil was heard. The slate shook so that the holder's arm was quickly and visibly moved. Once there came a twitch which almost pulled the slate away, and all this time it was held within an inch of the under side of the table-top.

THE NOISE STOPPED.

The visitor brought out the slate and, strangely enough there was the name, in clear characters, just as he had written it. Stranger still and a trifle appalling, the name was letter for letter, flourish for flourish, line for line, just as the owner had been in the habit of signing it in his lifetime, and that, too, in a very eccentric and unusual style.

By Mrs. Lennatt's direction the slate was put back, the name being erased and washed out. The writing began again, and in a moment the black surface of the slate showed:

DEAR: I am glad to meet you again in this way. BEN.

It was an ordinary communication of a very extraordinary character, for once again the writing was a facsimile.

The medium then took two slates and handed them to the visitor. By her direction, he placed one on top of the other, taking precautions as to the perfect cleanliness of the interior surfaces. A little fragment of slate pencil, half an inch long, was used as before, and placed by him between the slates. These, still together, were handed to the lady, who took them by one end in her right hand, holding

them firmly together. In her other hand she clasped that of the visitor, holding the slate close to his left ear.

THE SCRATCHING OF THE PENCIL.

Which was quite distinct, began immediately. It continued for a long time uninterrupted, the thumps on the table stopping, and only the sound of the pencil and the melodious cadences of the music-box being audible. When the writing ceased the visitor, clasped the slates and separated them. One surface was completely bare. The other was closely written over its entire surface. A portion of the communication was too purely personal to be published. The rest was:

"You know a little, but not all. You are linked with us by ties susceptible only to peculiar intelligences. Leave the considerations on which you are dwelling for the higher ones of which you may learn."

The signature was a new revelation. The writing had no distinctive characteristics, but the subscriber was a friend of the visitor, not long deceased, and once more the signature was strikingly accurate. The whole thing was very mysterious. Surrounded by circumstances which put trickery out of the question, accompanied by individual characteristics which the medium could not have known and the visitor had forgotten, it bore all apparent evidence, admitting the premises, of a communication from the Spirit World.

THE PHENOMENON

Was repeated in various ways, and always with the like result. Mrs. Lennatt said it was simple and entirely independent of her volition, as far as she knew. All that she could surmise was that with her, as with all mediums, certain physical peculiarities, in the shape of magnetic endowments, made her a medium by which the spirits were able to express themselves. She had produced the writing under all conditions, even to that of two sealed notes with a paper between them, which one sifter brought to her.

The powers shown, however, were convincing enough, and the results sufficiently startling. While the visitor was not, and is not, convinced that spirits had anything to do with it, he is unalterably convinced that the thumps, writings and other results were not the work of any human hand. Their origin, whether supernatural or not, is a problem. Their existence is a fact to which he will testify and which no one can dispute.

INTRIGUES AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

The Risks Infatuated Lovers Run Among Turkish Women.

Temple Bar.

Perhaps the most striking fact to a stranger is the little interest Turkish women seem to inspire among the gallant population of Constantinople. But such strangers are, perhaps, unaware of the danger of a word, or even a look; a prolonged gaze into the carriage of a grand dame Turque may provoke the ire of the attendant eunuch, and cause him to lay about right and left the heavy whip with which he is often provided; but the greatest danger lies in the treacherous encouragement of the grande dame herself. Some years ago M. B—, a young Frenchman of this town, became enamored of one of these veiled Junos, whose soft glances seemed to reveal a reciprocal passion. Day after day the bewitching eyes drew him caressingly to his doom. Still, no words were exchanged. M. B— became more and more infatuated, and in spite of the warnings of friends he determined to carry on the intrigue to the end, whatever that might be. Patiently he bided his time and opportunity, nor were they long in presenting themselves. He was rewarded one day by seeing a tiny jeweled hand drop a billet from the carriage window, which fluttered all unnoticed to his feet. Seizing the paper the enraptured Frenchman deciphered the few words therein inscribed. The lady proposed a meeting for that same evening in the obscure corner of a cemetery. M. B—, who had patiently borne the quizzing of his friends, now informed them of the progress of his adventure. He was again warned against pursuing it further, but he laughed at the idea of danger, and accompanied by a friend, repaired to the rendezvous at the appointed hour. He was presently accosted by a sable servant, exceedingly well-dressed, who politely invited him to follow. The two friends turned into a deserted street, and arrived at a small door which led through a covered yard to a second entrance. This their guide unlocked and made a sign to M. B—'s friend to retire. All was silence and darkness around; the servant's eyes seemed to gleam with malice; and, moved by an undefined fear, the friend again implored M. B— to return. "Bah!" returned this gentleman, "it is too late; besides, what is there to fear when things are managed so easily?" The door closed upon the audacious Frenchman, but the fears of his friends were prophetic—he was never seen by them again. Many attempts were made to learn his fate, and large bribes were freely given for this object. A hint was received that he had been conveyed beyond the frontier, but all trace of him was lost, and no further news was ever obtained as to his disappearance. One or two such adventures are enough to dampen the ardor of the boldest Lovelace, and, unfortunately, other examples have not been wanting.

Suicide.

There always has been suicide, and there probably always will be, as long as animal life exists. We say animal life, because a soul is not necessary in the work of self-destruction. The scorpion is so happily furnished with the means of ending its own existence that it avails itself of a speedy exit from life upon slighter provocation than almost any other form of animate existence; but dogs, birds and horses have frequently been put on record as preferring to prove the ill they know, not of, rather than bear those they had. We have even heard of a mule, stoic though that animal generally is, that preferred to drown himself in the canal rather than longer endure the pain and humiliation inflicted upon him by the whacks and gibes of budding Presidential candidates. But man, either less or more of

a philosopher than the brutes, most frequently comes to the conclusion that he is a burden to himself, and so stows himself away in the coal-bunker of Stygian express, concealed from the sharp eyes of Conductor Charon, until he arrives upon the further shore, there to take his chances. And how little it takes, sometimes, to start him on that adventurous journey. Occasionally a boy has been known to run away to sea because he was sent to bed without his supper, and last week a Connecticut farmer hung himself from a sour apple tree, because his wife did not have supper ready at the usual time. There was no cold-blooded logic in this proceeding. It was the surging prompting of impulse that drove him to this deed of desperation. Some time ago a New Jersey octogenarian attempted to pull on his shirt with the collar buttoned at the neck. Of course he failed, and instead of unbuttoning and trying again, he blew his brains out and never had any trouble after, so far as we could learn. This business of suicide is one of the most striking practical jokes a man can play upon himself, and though a little old, it is always effective.

Remarkable Horse Surgery.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A remarkable surgical operation has just been made upon a horse belonging to Professor Milton Jay, of Bennett Medical College, whereby a calculus, weighing twelve ounces, was successfully removed from the bladder of the horse by the operation of lithotomy.

The horse was purchased by its present owner a few months ago. Soon after the purchase was made it was discovered that the animal had considerable trouble in masticating. The professor at once suspected what the trouble was and requested Dr. J. D. Tullih, the well-known veterinary surgeon, to make an examination, which resulted in the discovery of a calculus of unusual dimensions in the bladder.

It was at once decided that the only chance of saving the animal's life depended upon the success of a surgical operation. At noon Wednesday the subject was properly secured and put under the effects of chloroform. Everything being in readiness, Dr. Tullih performed the lateral operation of lithotomy, and, with the aid of Professor Jay, succeeded in successfully extracting the calculus from the bladder. The calculus is pear-shaped, and measures at its largest circumference ten inches, and at its smallest circumference eight inches. Its weight is twelve ounces, it being a remarkable specimen. Calculi taken from horses have been found to be remarkable for the uniformity of their composition, while those taken from human bodies have been notable for their strange diversity and variety. Eleven different kinds of human calculi have been met with, while in horses but one kind has been produced. The calculi of horses have generally proved to consist of carbonate of lime, about one-hundredth part being carbonate of magnesia, mixed up and cemented together with mucus, mingled in some cases with albumen.

THE ONLY CASE.

The man who works up the "straw" business on railroad trains has been very scarce this year. Indeed, only one instance of canvassing a Michigan railroad train has been reported thus far during the campaign. On the train going to Saginaw three or four days ago a man who had enough whisky in him to make himself enthusiastic asked permission of the conductor to make a canvass of the train, and was told to go ahead at his own peril. Armed with paper and pencil he began at the last seat in the rear coach. This was occupied by a man who rose slowly up, shed his coat and quietly remarked:

"Mister man, I'm going to make your heels break your neck in just sixteen seconds!"

The only reason he didn't was because the canvasser hurried to the other end of the car. He began operations here by punching an old man who was fast asleep. As soon as the sleeper got his eyes open and saw the pencil he called out:

"Over three months ago I swore to do it or lose my vote, and here goes!"

He made a sudden rush at the canvasser, threw him over a seat, hit him below the belt, and might have crippled him for life had he not been taken off. A quarter of an hour later the conductor found the canvasser on the platform with his nose skinned and his enthusiasm all gone.

"How did the vote stand?" inquired the official.

"I was elected over all other candidates by two majorities," was the reply, as the man wet a bit of paper and stuck it on his nose.

Stabbing a Deer With a Rifle.

Joe Magee, a hunter, lives at Stoneham, Penn., in the oil region. The other day he went to look for deer. He had killed one and was strolling along slowly, when all at once he was startled and surprised at hearing something come tearing through the bushes toward him. He had no time to calculate on what was coming, for before he could raise his gun a big buck jumped over some bushes and landed not ten feet away from him. The deer then saw the man for the first time, and endeavored to turn his course. In doing so he stumbled and partly fell. Mr. Magee, who is a strong, active man, being too close to the animal to shoot, stabbed the barrel of his gun into his side, just back of his forelegs and the deer fell dead almost instantly. Magee says he did not expect to kill the animal, and stabbed him with the gun more in self-defense than anything else. The rifle barrel being small, passed through the deer's skin and probably penetrated his heart.

Samuel Adking, of Marion, was thrown from a horse on last Wednesday and was fatally injured, he being thrown upon a pile of stone, fracturing his skull.

While coon hunting a few nights since John Shiber, of Madison, climbed a forest tree a distance of fifty feet in order to dislodge a coon which had taken refuge in the tree, when Shiber lost his hold, falling to the ground, dislocating his shoulder and seriously injuring himself internally.

## AN EARLY PASSENGER.

Reminiscences of the First Steamboat Trip Up the Hudson, Told by the Only Survivor.

Brooklyn Eagle.

On Friday evening the Rev. F. R. Freeman celebrated the fifty-fourth anniversary of his wedding, at his residence No. 157 Livingston street. There were present the venerable clergymen and his wife, Dr. J. N. Freeman, a son, and Mrs. Freeman, of No. 80 Hanson place; Mr. James Freeman, another son, Mrs. Freeman and the Misses Freeman, of Bloomington, Ill.; Mrs. Lucy E. Taxis, a daughter, and Miss Taxis, of Norris, Ill.; Mr. Aekland Boyle and Mrs. Boyle, another daughter, late of Washington; Dr. Bigelow and Mrs. Bigelow, Mr. Campbell, Mrs. Campbell and Miss Campbell, of Brooklyn, and others. A pleasant hour was spent in congratulations and social converse, after which the guests repaired to the dining-room and enjoyed an ample collation.

It transpired last evening that Rev. Mr. Freeman is the only surviving passenger of the Clermont, the first steamboat which ever went up the Hudson to Albany. He is the youngest and last surviving of thirteen children. His father, Elisha Freeman, was a sea captain before he became a farmer, and was invited to go on board the Clermont, with his wife and son, Robert Livingston, who was at one time the American Ambassador at Paris, furnished Robert Fulton with funds to build the Clermont in the spring of 1807. Her length of keel was 140 feet, and her beam 18½ feet. She was trim and handsome with the exception of her boilers, machinery and smoke-stacks, which were rude, cumbersome, and of formidable dimensions. The side-wheel was also a clumsy affair, with twelve huge paddles, held in place by a ring half-way between their extremities and the hub. They sent the water splashing over the deck at every revolution. The top of the smoke-stack was thirty feet above the deck, nearly as high as the two masts, from the rear one of which floated the Stars and Stripes. Mr. Freeman was an infant at the time, and does not pretend to recollect, except as a dimly indistinct dream, anything about the steamboat's first trip, but constant rehearsals of the scenes and incidents, made to him in his youth, have vividly impressed the whole event on his memory. Hours before the steamboat started a multitude assembled along the North river to witness the expected glorious ending of what was generally known as "Fulton's Folly."

"God help you, Bobby," cried one. "Bring us back a chip of the North Pole," cried another.

"A fool and his money are soon parted," cried a third.

Fulton, with a confident smile, went on superintending preparations for the start. Smoke issued from the stack. The hawsers were hauled in. The side-wheel quivered and slowly revolved. Fulton himself, with his hand on the helm, turned her bow to the stream.

He was pale, but confident and self-possessed. The Clermont moved into the river. The ponderous machinery thumped and groaned, the wheel frantically clasped the water and the stack belched like a volcano. But the vessel moved, and those on board waved their hats and gave a cheer. Those on shore followed suit and sent up a mighty shout. The hitherto incredulous and jeering populace of New York were the first to do Fulton honor. And so the Clermont steamed away up the Hudson and passed out of sight, amid the prolonged and noisy acclamations of the multitude. This was September 15, 1807. Thirty-six hours afterward, on September 17th, she reached Albany. She had stopped, however, at the residence of Chancellor Livingston on her way up. Her speed was five miles an hour.

As may well be believed, her appearance on the river startled the crews of passing vessels. Few of the skippers, in those days of slow mails and no telegraph could have been prepared to encounter such a mysterious object. It was at night, however, that the Clermont created her greatest effect. Her appearance spread consternation and terror on all sides. It was very dark and the fires were fed with dry, white pine wood, and this, when stirred, sent up columns of flame and sparks from the mouth of the tall stack. This floating volcano, moving steadily through the darkness up the middle of the river, accompanied by the rumbling and groaning of the machinery, intensified by the silence all around, was calculated to alarm and strike terror into the souls of the sailors on board the sloops and other craft coming down with grain and farm produce. They had never heard of any motive power for ships except wind, and were, moreover, extremely superstitious.

"My father told me," said Mr. Freeman, "that whole crews fell upon their knees and besought divine Providence to protect them from the terrible monster that was marching on the tide, lighting up its pathway with fire."

Mrs. Freeman, the mother of the Rev. F. R. Freeman, saw a workman emerging from the engine-room—a place very suggestive to her of the infernal regions—carrying in his hand a ladle full of molten lead. With this he stopped up the holes here and there in the machinery where steam was escaping. Captain Freeman was informed that the man had been doing the same thing ever since the Clermont left New York. The people of Albany had been informed of the coming of the steamboat, and the whole town turned out to receive Robert Fulton and his wonderful vessel. They gave both an enthusiastic reception. After a short stay at Albany, the Clermont returned to New York, making the trip in thirty-four hours.

"When the Erie Canal was opened," he says, "I was in Worcester, Otsego county, where I was born, and I recollect all the particulars of the affair which happened in 1825. The canal ran from Buffalo to Albany, opening water communication between the cities of Buffalo and New York. At intervals of ten miles all along the route were placed cannon which were captured by Perry in the battle of Lake Erie. On the opening day, just as the gayly-decorated packet boat containing a party of guests, including Governor De Witt Clinton, started from Buffalo on a trip to New York, the cannon at the former city were fired, and this was followed by the firing of

other cannon all along the line, until the last report sounded from the Manhattan gun. The excursion boat bore this legend: 'This day the trophies of Perry's victory bear glad tidings from the lakes to the ocean.'"

Mr. Freeman was a pioneer preacher in the West for forty-nine years, twenty-five in Ohio, and almost as many in Illinois.

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

On War Correspondence as a Profession.

Interview in Boston Herald.

"What shall I say?" asked Mr. Forbes.

"We had better talk it over," was the response; and from the ensuing conversation, the following was absorbed.

Mr. Forbes was thoroughly gratified with his reception in New York. He had a splendid audience at his lecture, and the press was unanimous in its praise, paying him the compliment of editorial notices, as well as full and appreciative reports. Speaking of Frank D. Millet, our popular Boston boy, the painter-journalist, Mr. Forbes was hearty and enthusiastic in his praise. "If a war should break out at any time, the first thing I should do would be to telegraph for Millet, in whatever part of the world he might be," said he. "He did the best journalistic work of that war, by all odds; with General Ghoukka and at the Shipka Pass he had the entire field to himself, and his achievements were marvelous. He was twice decorated by the Czar for personal bravery under fire. Nothing but his remarkable modesty has prevented him from working over his material written from that field into a book, instead of leaving them bottled up in the form of newspaper letters. I can not understand why he did not do it; the field was ready for the harvest, and such a book would have had an enormous sale." Mr. Forbes said that he was gratified that he could claim the credit of being the first to perceive Mr. Millet's sterling qualities as a war correspondent and secure his services for the Daily News.

The old-time conventional war correspondent, although sharing many of the discomforts and inconveniences incidental to a campaign, had a comparatively easy time of it, and his tasks were not materially more difficult than those of his brethren at home in pursuit of their ordinary work. They remained comfortably out of reach of danger in the rear, and obtained all of their information second-hand, so that the average war correspondence was not famed for its trustworthiness, being composed for the most part of lying rumors, and the "reliable information from the front," habitually seen by these gentlemen, became an ironical phrase. But Mr. Forbes reconstructed that branch of journalism, and made it a profession in itself. He added the element of heroism; the weapon which was mightier than the sword was to equal the sword in valor. It would be better, he concluded, to risk life and limb at the front, to mingle in the thickest of the fray, and to be a part of that which he described, and so stand a good chance of gaining name and fame. This action was naturally prompted by his soldierly nature and military training. Had he kept in the army it is easy to see that, with promotion according to merit, he might have become a General. But he wisely chose a profession in which advancement is sure; and is therefore enabled to give great Generals points in their own calling, and to correct their mistakes; things he has more than once actually done.

People have often wondered how Mr. Forbes has ever been enabled to write those long and graphic letters, masterpieces of war literature, and fresh with the spirit of the event, after the deadly fatigue of a long and perilous ride from the front to a place where he could forward them promptly by telegraph. It is because he has everything in readiness beforehand. On the battle field, while shells are bursting around and bullets whistling past, a correspondent is apt to be rather nervous, having nothing to do but look on, and not with his attention occupied by solid work, like a soldier. So Mr. Forbes made it a point to occupy his attention with good solid work too, in the form of incessant note-taking. This he does whatever the situation, and the occupation given his mind makes it heedless, if not oblivious, of the danger surrounding him. These notes he writes down plainly in the present tense—something which gives vital actuality to his letters, so that the reader has a sense of sharing the writer's participation in the scenes—and, if he should be wounded, he could hand his note-book to some one with instructions what to do; there would be no difficulty in reading the notes, and therefore the material would not be lost in such a case, though most likely delayed. In taking these notes, he takes pains to choose his language deliberately, carefully rounding his phrases, and even ransacking his brains for fitting quotations. If there is a place where he knows that a quotation would be apposite, and if he can not recall it at the time, he leaves a space blank for it, to be filled in afterward. So, after all, the war correspondent, Julian Hardy, in "Fatiniz," who calmly takes his notes in the midst of a Turkish attack, is not the exaggeration he has been supposed to be, and was doubtless intended to be by the author.

By means, when, tired out with his long journey, Mr. Forbes arrives at the place where there is a telegraph station, he does not have the labor of composition on his mind, but simply that of transcribing his notes. With many men, composition under such circumstances would be impossible. With a man of Mr. Forbes' splendid physique and capacity to bear great mental strains, it would be possible, but it would doubtless have had the effect of prematurely shattering his system. Besides, letters written after such exertions would be quite different things from those that have given him his fame; every word straight from the vintage of war, with the bloom of battle fresh upon it. On reaching his journey's end, Mr. Forbes has sometimes relieved himself of the labor of writing by dictating from his notes, but he has seldom allowed himself this luxury, acting on the principle that a war correspondent to be certain of having his work reach its destination, must do

everything himself. For, be it known, the telegraph clerks upon whom he must depend can rarely understand a word of English. The dispatches must be given them literally, letter for letter, just as they were forwarded. Therefore they must be in a plain schoolboy hand, and Mr. Forbes has the knack of writing a schoolboy hand rapidly.

"So a war correspondent must stand in the double capacity of journalist and soldier?"

"In a triple capacity. He must be a courier as well. And for the three, I would place the courier above all. For it does not need brilliant writing, put clear statement of facts. A penny-a-liner, with the qualification of courier, is worth more than the best trained journalist without. Of what avail is the best material if it can not be forwarded after it is obtained? Some of the most brilliant fellows have proved complete failures in the field for lack taking this foresight. A war correspondent must carefully lay all his plans for getting back to the place of communication in a way to be prepared for any emergency. He must be ready to push his way through and over everything; if there is a river, swim it; he must brave every danger; he must be prepared to fight, to kill, if need be; at all cost, keep his line of communication open. He must have fresh horses ready for him along the route, with men on the qui vive for his coming. If his horse drops dead by the way, he must take off the saddle and carry it on his back, for a saddle is of vital importance, and his next horse would be useless without it. He must know how to humor his horse. I am a heavy man, but have rode a horse thirty miles where light men have worn out their horses in ten miles. He must be able to have a solution on the instant for every problem that presents itself. And for all this he must have carte blanche from his journal."

One of the most noteworthy objects exhibited during the celebration at Baltimore is the "Star Spangled Banner," the original flag that floated above Fort M'Henry upon the 13th and 14th of September, during its bombardment by the British fleet, and from which Francis Scott Key obtained his inspiration to write the song "Star Spangled Banner." The flag is 32 feet long 29 feet wide. Probably it was originally 36 or 40 feet in length, and its great width is due to its having 15 stripes instead of 13. It has, or had, 15 stars, each two feet from point to point, arranged in five indented parallel lines, three stars to each horizontal line, and the union rests on the ninth, which is a red stripe, instead of the eighth, as in our present flag, which is a white stripe. All the flags worn during the war of 1812-14, and, in fact, from 1794 to 1818, were so arranged. At the centennial anniversary of the adoption of the stars and stripes as the flag of the United States, held at the old South church in this city, in aid of the preservation of the building, the banner was prominently displayed, and Mr. Nathan Appleton delivered an address. It adorned the tent in which Lafayette was entertained at Fort M'Henry during his visit to the United States in 1824-5, and was at the centennial. It is interesting to know by whom the flag was made. Mrs. Caroline T. Purdy, of Baltimore, says: "The flag was made by my mother, Mrs. Mary Pickersgill, and I assisted her. My grandmother, Rebecca Young, made the first flag of the revolution under General Washington's direction." The rents made by the shots are merely bound around. The flag contains 400 yards of bunting, and is carefully basted on a piece of canvas to preserve it.

THE GENERAL RESULT.

New York, November 4.—The following are the estimates of the New York Tribune, made at 10 o'clock this morning:

States for Garfield: Colorado, 3,000; Arkansas, 3,000; Delaware, 700; Georgia, 4,000; Kentucky, 60,000; Maryland, 15,000; Mississippi, 45,000; Missouri, 6,000; New Jersey, 1,000; Texas, 55,000; West Virginia, 15,000.

Hancock's vote in New York city is 123,102; Garfield's 81,726; Hancock's majority, 41,376.

Grace's majority for Mayor is 3,297. The Republicans estimate Garfield's majority in the State at 30,000. The Democrats concede from 15,000 to 20,000.

Republican estimates give them a majority in Congress of 26. Democratic estimates are: Republicans, 148; Democrats, 127; Greenbackers, 4; doubtful, 14.

A Shrewd Old Valet.

The greater part of the stories which relate to the gains and the losses of gamblers are tragic rather than comic. One which belongs to the category of the latter is reported from Monaco. A certain German Baron, belonging to one of the best families in Mecklenburg, was one day so lucky as to gain 300,000 francs. He left the table, hastened to his hotel, and at once locked up his enormous sum in a cash-box. On awakening next morning what was his dismay to find that it had disappeared, as well as his old valet Jean, who, on a hundred occasions, had given proofs of his fidelity and his affection for his master. As it was, the Baron found himself short of money, and telegraphed to his father for assistance, acquainting him, at the same time, with his adventure. This was the answer he received: "Don't disturb yourself. Jean is here with all the money which you think you have lost. He feared your lous would go the way they had come, and little liking the anticipation, he has come here to keep the treasure safe. You come, too."

Indianapolis, November 4.—Returns from 50 counties complete show Republican majorities 19,413; Democratic majorities 15,199; Republican gains, 2,262; Democratic gains, 1,971. Net Republican gain, 321.



# CHEAP CASH STORE.

I am now receiving choice fall styles, of

Dark Calicoes, Ginghams, Cheviottes,

CASHMERES, BROCADE DRESS GOODS &c.

Also a full line of Bleached and Brown Muslins, Tick-  
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CHAS. W. TALBURT.

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CINCINNATI GAZETTE CO.

### The Greencastle Banner.

Vote of Putnam County,

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION, 1880.

VOTING  
PRECINCTS.

	Greencastle	Waverly	Hamlet	Hamlet's Mount	Hamlet's Mount
Jackson	204	94	175	175	175
Franklin	214	132	10	62	62
Russellville	51	92	5	62	62
Clinton	147	109	4	38	38
Mon.	125	132	2	2	2
G. C.	43	63	1	1	1
Floyd	128	117	17	11	11
Marion	244	114	3	130	130
1st Ward	137	228	3	1	1
G. C. 2nd Ward	252	108	1	1	1
3rd Ward	101	168	10	1	1
Greencastle Tp.	212	241	19	29	29
Madison	172	177	1	1	1
Washington	252	159	16	94	94
Warren	106	140	2	34	34
Jefferson	139	144	1	14	14
Mill Creek	62	22	1	30	30
Cloverdale	329	140	1	190	190
Total	2850	2539	119	828	828

[Left over from last week.]

### The Cattle Interest.

The American Association of Breed-  
ers of Short-horns held its eighth an-  
nual session in Lafayette on Wednesday  
of last week. The attendance was not  
large, but the members present man-  
ifested such interest in the proceedings  
and in the general cause of short-horn  
cattle breeding, that, altogether, it was  
one of the most pleasant and profitable  
meetings of the Association.

Judge Jones, chairman of the com-  
mittee appointed at last meeting to me-  
morialize Congress on the subject of  
legislation for the extermination of con-  
tagious diseases of domestic animals,  
made a verbal report on the contagious  
diseases in Great Britain, and intro-  
duced a letter written by him while in  
England to President Hayes on that  
subject. It is as follows:

ADELPHI HOTEL, LIVERPOOL, )  
August 4, 1880. )

MY DEAR GENERAL: I send you a  
brief statement of the conclusions I  
have arrived at, from the large mass of  
information I have been able, with the  
aid of your kind letter, to obtain, in re-  
gard to the contagious diseases of ani-  
mals, &c., so far as the same is of im-  
mediate interest to American agricul-  
ture. I send it to you in this formal  
way, because there is no department  
of the government having proper official  
authority in the premises. My investi-  
gations have been more especially di-  
rected to the contagious diseases of cat-  
tle, which have occasioned the enact-  
ment of the restrictive orders of the  
Privy Council, requiring the slaughter  
of live beasts from the United States at  
the special docks provided for their  
landing within a period of fourteen  
days. The effect of this restriction is  
seriously detrimental to American cat-  
tle interests in many ways:

1st. It casts a suspicion of unsound-  
ness upon our stock, which seriously  
impairs the value of our dead meat, as  
well as the live animals.

2d. It frequently happens that cattle  
are injured by long and stormy voyages  
so as to be really unsalable for immedi-

ate slaughter. Before the requirement  
of slaughter at the landing, such cattle  
were purchased by country dealers and  
farmers, and after grazing or feeding  
for a few months, being completely re-  
stored in health and condition, were  
sold for full prices in the fat-cattle  
markets.

3d. It often happens that the mar-  
kets are over-crowded with stock at  
London and Liverpool, and at such  
times to require immediate slaughter at  
these places, is to compel a ruinous sac-  
rifice. In these cases the country  
butchers are usually ready to make  
their purchases, and would gladly avail  
themselves of the reduced prices to  
supply themselves with our bullocks, if  
they were allowed to drive or ship them  
alive to the country, to be killed as the  
demands of their customers required.

In this way a large portion of the  
Canadian cattle, though confessedly in-  
ferior in quality to ours, are disposed of.  
The loss from this cause is especially  
severe at this season of the year, when  
the beef can be kept but a short time.  
There are no proper cooling-places—no  
ice being used at London or Liverpool,  
nor are the slaughter-houses constructed  
so that ice could be used—and as the  
meat cannot be distributed into the  
country it has to be sold for what it will  
bring in the over-crowded market. The  
loss in summer, as estimated by dealers,  
ranges from \$15 to \$25 per bullock. And  
yet every intelligent person knows that  
the disease—pleuro-pneumonia—intend-  
ed to be guarded against by these re-  
strictions, is prevailing to some extent  
in all parts of Great Britain; and if the  
cattle sold in the open markets here  
were subject to the same strict examina-  
tion after slaughter as are the American  
cattle, it is not doubted that a much  
larger proportion of them would be  
found to be diseased.

The butchers and the great body of  
the consumers are anxious to have these  
restrictions removed: they want our  
cattle, which selected as they generally  
are from our best, are far superior in  
quality to the average to be found in  
domestic markets. Cattle here are kil-  
led too young for the best flavor—say at  
about twenty months old, or from fifteen  
to thirty months; they are fed on  
turnips and oil-cake, which are far in-  
ferior, as respects the flavor of the meat,  
to our corn, hay, and grass. But here  
farmers cannot afford to keep their stock  
until it matures on hay and grass, though  
the fancy beef that we hear of from  
Scotland cattle is made by grazing  
alone for the English Dukes and Lords,  
who buy them at the age of say two years,  
and graze them in their parks  
until they are between four and five,  
giving them in winter, in severe weather,  
a little hay, but no cake or turnips.

The short argument of the advocates  
of compulsory slaughter is this: Pleuro-  
pneumonia is known to exist in the  
United States, and the government has  
adopted no measures for its extinction,  
or even to determine the localities  
where it prevails; State legislation on  
the subject cannot, in the nature of the  
case, efficiently deal with the matter;  
besides, they have heard of the decisions  
of our courts that State regulations in  
regard to the transit of cattle are uncon-  
stitutional; and, without this, it is use-  
less to attempt any protective measures.  
There is, therefore, they tell us, no  
other way than to regard the whole  
country as infected.

The question, therefore, we have to  
meet is, whether the American Govern-  
ment can do anything to change the  
facts assumed in this argument? Can  
anything be done without waiting the  
action of Congress?

I respectfully suggest that the Treas-

ury Department may appoint a medical  
inspector—say Professor Law, of Corn-  
ell, a gentleman favorably known here  
—with authority to ascertain the bound-  
aries of the infected localities, and to  
prescribe regulations for the transit of  
stock from territory outside such dis-  
tricts to shipboard, and upon compli-  
ance with such regulations by exporters  
and shippers, to give certificates of  
health to all sound cargoes. I believe  
that stock, certified by such an officer to  
be free from disease, and to have been  
brought from healthy districts with-  
out exposure to cattle in infected  
districts, would be allowed to land here  
free from the requirement of slaughter  
at the place of debarkation. But as the  
matter now stands, although it is un-  
doubtedly true that our country has the  
healthiest cattle in the world, as the  
disease does exist in a few places  
about some of the seaboard cities, and as  
our Government has no provision what-  
ever to deal with it, or any department or  
officer to fix its locality, or to communi-  
cate intelligently with the authorities  
here in regard to it, we cannot hope for  
a removal or modification of existing  
restrictions, though the present Govern-  
ment is favorably disposed if we can  
give them any reasonable ground to jus-  
tify a change.

In view of the fact that of the thirty  
thousand cattle sent to London last year  
only thirty-eight were found diseased, it  
seems a great hardship, if not a dis-  
grace to our laws, that this small frac-  
tion of diseased stock should be allowed  
to spoil the market for the great multi-  
tude of our sound stock. Why, it is only  
a little more than one in a thousand! It  
seems now to be the opinion of the  
veterinary department of the Privy  
Council that this disease is not epizootic,  
but is strictly contagious, and can only be  
communicated by direct contact of  
the living diseased animal, and the well  
animal. The effort to produce the dis-  
ease by any other means than this actual  
contact with the living diseased animal,  
they say, has, in every instance, failed—  
as by means of the litter, the excrement,  
the dead carcass, or even the saliva from  
the mouth of the diseased animal. It is  
supposed to be communicated by the  
breath of the diseased cattle being in-  
haled by the other stock. This being the  
case, you will understand how easy it  
would be to carry cattle from healthy  
districts to shipboard without danger of  
infection.

This live stock trade is, in many re-  
spects, much better than the trade in  
dead meat, which cannot be made to look  
so well as the fresh-killed; and there is a  
prevailing opinion that it is inferior in  
flavor. Besides, it is the appearance of  
our living bullocks, grand in form, ma-  
turity and quality, that astonishes the  
English people, the quality at our  
market at Deptford being confessedly far  
superior to that of the domestic stock  
at Islington, and the contrast is  
equally striking here, at Liverpool.

Most faithfully yours,

T. C. JONES.

TO THE PRESIDENT,  
Washington, D. C.

During the session the following im-  
portant resolutions were passed:

By Judge Jones, of Ohio:

Resolved, That inasmuch as the short-  
horn race of cattle was brought to its  
present matchless perfection by the  
judicious selection of the best animals  
in blood and useful qualities for breed-  
ing purposes, and the vigorous weeding  
out of inferior individuals regardless of  
pedigree, it is the judgment of this con-  
vention that this high standard of ex-  
cellence can only be maintained by the  
steadfast adherence to this practice.

Resolved, That among the most en-  
couraging indications in regard to the  
future of the industry here represented,  
is the fact that so many of the practical  
farmers of America are becoming  
breeders of short-horn cattle. It is not  
to be forgotten that a large proportion  
of the founders of the most distinguish-  
ed herds in the early history of this  
breed were of this class, and that their  
custom was to graze and feed for the  
production of beef and milk their  
highly bred cattle as common farm  
stock. This was true not only of the  
early British breeders, but of the pioneer  
American breeders as well. From their  
purely bred herds they reared many  
grand steers as well as bulls, and a large  
proportion of their females yielded good  
profits as dairy cows.

By Mr. Pickrell, of Illinois:

Whereas, It is currently reported that  
in the dairy districts of some of the  
eastern States pleuro-pneumonia exists,  
and

Whereas, The market reports of  
Chicago show that there are daily of-  
fered in the markets store calves  
brought from some of the eastern States  
for sale and distribution amongst west-  
ern farmers, therefore,

Resolved, That the entire western  
press be called upon to warn western  
feeders and graziers to let such stock  
alone until they are officially notified of  
the places where such contagious dis-  
eases exist, and some adequate means  
provided for their extinction.

Resolved, That a committee of five be  
appointed by the chair to take such  
further action as the case seems to de-  
mand.

By Judge Jones:

Resolved, That the committee ap-  
pointed at the last convention to mem-  
orialize Congress on the subject of legis-  
lation for the extermination of con-  
tagious diseases of animals, be continued  
until the powers then conferred until  
the next convention.

Resolved, That this convention heart-  
ily approves the recommendation made  
by T. C. Jones to the President of the  
United States, dated Liverpool, Aug.  
4, for the appointment by the Treasury  
Department of a chief veterinary in-  
spector with authority to ascertain the  
localities infected with pleuro-pneumonia,  
and to prescribe rules for the transit of  
cattle exported from districts free  
from such diseases, &c., and we earnestly  
urge that such appointment be made  
without delay.

The discussion on the subject showed  
that pleuro-pneumonia has secured a  
foothold in the dairy districts of  
New York and New Jersey, and in  
portions of Maryland and Virginia,  
whence it is sure to come west unless  
heroic measures are promptly taken to  
stamp it out. At present no cases have  
developed west of the Alleghany  
Mountains, but unless Congress takes  
the action asked for, it will soon be  
found in our cattle districts and do im-  
mense damage to the entire country.

The next meeting of the Association  
will be held at Jacksonville, Ills., the  
last Wednesday in October of next  
year.

Goy, Williams is sick.

### For State Librarian.

To the Editor of the Indianapolis Journal.

Among the many names which will  
be presented for the office of State Li-  
brarian at the coming session of the  
Legislature will be that of Jeannette B.  
Preston, daughter of Dr. A. G. Preston  
of this city, belonging to a family whose  
devotion and loyalty to the cause of the  
Union and the principles and success of  
the Republican party has never been  
questioned, and possessing herself the  
education, intelligence, experience, and  
that rare energy and force of character  
so necessary in an office of such honor  
and responsibility. It can be said, in a  
word, that she is worthy, well qualifi-  
ed and eligible for the position  
will be pressed by her many friends, who  
believe the appointment one that should  
be made.

AN OLD SOLDIER.

GREENCASTLE, IND., November 6.

I have received so many New  
Goods this week that I cannot afford to  
enumerate. Call at the Cheap Corner  
Store and see as nice an assortment of  
Goods as there is in the City and at ad-  
vantage prices. C. W. TALBURT. 2W-45.

We have just opened, this week, a  
large new stock of mens' boys' and chil-  
dren's Hats and Caps of the very latest  
and nobbiest styles, at prices that will  
make you buy.

F. A. HAYS.

Trade Emporium.

The handsomest line of Fancy  
Dress Plaids in the city at the Cheap  
Cash Store of C. W. Talburt. 2W 45.

Nice new lake salt at Tom Abram's.

45-3W

Found, at the Trade Emporium, a  
full stock of French Novelties, such as  
perfect beauties; and Brocades, Silks,  
Satins and Trimming Silks to match all  
colors of Dress Goods.

F. A. HAYS.

3W

We think we have the best Canton  
Flannels that are sold in the city for the  
money, and the way they go the people  
think so too. 3W F. A. HAYS.

Tom Abram's is the place to buy  
cheap Groceries; try him. 45-3W.

We have just opened a good stock  
of ladies' Cloakings, ladies' Cloths, Wa-  
ter Proofs, etc., that we bought since  
the decline, and we are selling them very  
low. 3W F. A. HAYS.

For Fancy Plaid Dress Goods,  
French Novelties, Brocades in all colors,  
cheap, call at Frank A. Hays' Trade  
Emporium. 45-3W.

Cheapest place in town to buy  
groceries, is at Tom Abram's. 45-3W

In addition to our immense stock  
of Factory Yarns, we have added this  
week a full stock of the best German-  
town Yarns all fresh and new.

F. A. HAYS.

Go and see Tom Abram's at his  
new quarters. 45-3W

Neff sells the Walker Veal Kip  
Boot. 45-4W.

You can buy your lady's and chil-  
dren's fine and heavy Shoes 20 per cent.  
less at Frank Hays', than any other  
house. 3W

We sell Overcoats and all kinds of  
Clothing at half the profits of our neigh-  
bors. No extra rents and clerks to sell  
it. 45-3W. F. A. HAYS.

Look out! beware of parties tell-  
ing you they have the Hartford boot—  
they only have a few pairs of shop-worn  
left over. We are the sole agents and  
have the only stock of genuine Hart-  
ford boots kept in the country.

FRANK A. HAYS.

You will never find a complete  
stock of Jeans, Flannels, Yarns and  
Blankets until you strike the Trade Em-  
porium. 45-3W F. A. HAYS.

Our stock of fancy plaid Dress  
Ginghams will be closed out at 12 1/2 cts.  
45-3W. F. A. HAYS.

A real pleasure to sell the Hartford  
Boots; it needs no speech: it has a repu-  
tation that speaks for itself. Those are  
the kinds of goods in all departments  
that we make a specialty of.

FRANK A. HAYS.

We sell all wool Cashmeres less  
than any other house, and will continue  
to do so. 45-3W F. A. HAYS.

War on high prices at the Trade  
Emporium is what makes the rush.  
45-3W.

The largest stock of gents' Under-  
wear in the city can be found at Frank  
Hays' Trade Emporium; all grades from  
25c. shirt to the finest scarlet all wool.  
3W

Ladies and gents who wish to  
have their collars and cuffs laundered in  
first class style will please leave them  
at the "When" clothing store, where  
they will be returned every Saturday  
night right side up with care. 10-35

### Don't Make A Mistake.

Why will you use salves and lotions,  
and other outward appliances for the  
cure of skin diseases? The relief thus  
obtained can only be temporary. Why  
not strike at the root of all skin diseases  
be getting your blood and liver in a  
healthy, vigorous condition? This can  
only be done effectively and thoroughly  
by the use of Dr. Guy's Yellow Dock  
and Sarsaparilla. 7-ly

### The Greatest Remedy Known.

Dr. King's New Discovery for Con-  
sumption is certainly the greatest medi-  
cal remedy ever placed within the reach  
of suffering humanity. Thousands of  
once hopeless sufferers, now loudly pro-  
claim their praise for this wonderful  
Discovery to which they owe their lives.  
Not only does it positively cure Consump-  
tion, but Coughs, Colds, Asthma,  
Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Hoarseness and  
all affections of the Throat, Chest and  
Lungs yield at once to its wonder-  
ful curative powers as it by magic. We  
do not ask you to buy a large bottle un-  
til you know what you are getting. We  
therefore earnestly request you to call on  
your druggist Jerome Allen and get a  
trial bottle for ten cents which will con-  
vince the most skeptical of its wonder-  
ful merits, and show you what a regu-  
lar one dollar size bottle will do. For  
sale by Jerome Allen. No. 2. 8m-45

### Dr. A. Stryker's.

Electric Liniment, for internal and ex-  
ternal use, has no equal. For pains in  
the back, neuralgia, rheumatism, stiff  
joints, toothache, cholera morbus, colic  
or cramping, this is a sure cure. One  
half bottle, given to a horse, will cure  
any case of colic. For sale by druggists  
generally, and by Jerome Allen and C.  
W. Landes & Co., Greencastle, 25.

### ONE DOLLAR

pays for the BANNER the rest of this  
year and all of 1881.

We keep the best line of ladies'  
custom made goat, kid and calf Shoes  
that are to be found, and sell cheaper  
than anyone. 3W FRANK A. HAYS.

We sell the same overcoats for \$6.  
and \$8, that you pay \$8 and \$10 for at  
clothing houses. F. A. HAYS.

### HANEMANN'S Opera House

One night only.

Tuesday, November 16,

The Gulick-Blaisdell

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New, Elegant and Laughable Comedy

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A translation and adaptation from the German  
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